Summer of Love 2016

TASCHEN

ON THE HIGH WAY

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TASCHEN

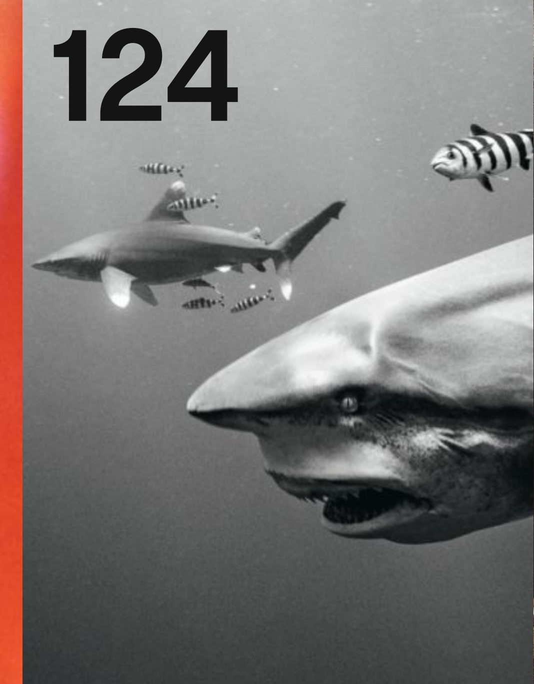
Never bore, always excite!

🙂 The actual books are completely smiley-free!

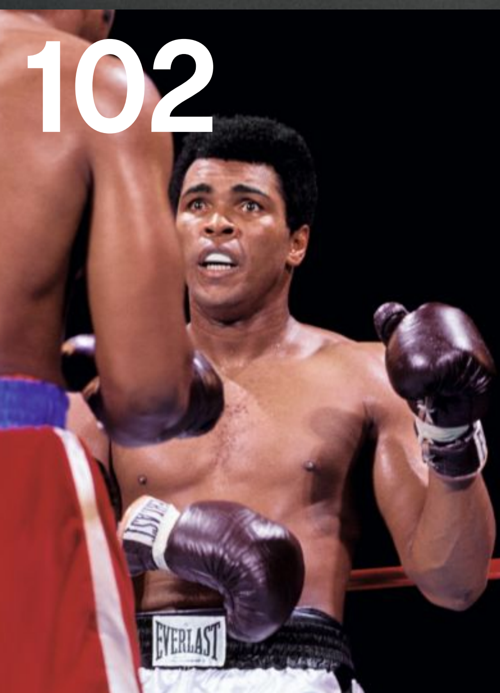
Design by Andy Disl & Benedikt Taschen
Text by Eliza Apperly
Managing Editor Florian Kobler
Production by Claudia Frey & Ute Wachendorf
Directed and produced by Benedikt Taschen

Printed in Germany
Published by TASCHEN
Hohenzollernring 53, D–50672 Köln
Tel: +49-221-20 18 00, contact@taschen.com
For advertising inquiries: media@taschen.com











82
HIGH
60



96



148



116



16
Physique
PICTORIAL


GOAT



Belle of the ball

TASCHEN Library in Jean Prouvé *Total Filling Station* fetches $2.7 million at amfAR charity auction in Cap d'Antibes.



TASCHEN x PROUVÉ — $2.7 million raised for Cinema Against AIDS!



Cap d'Antibes – An unprecedented TASCHEN library, housed in a vintage Jean Prouvé Total Filling Station, reached a winning bid of $2.7 million. The library, featuring 444 TASCHEN titles, including 60 coveted Collector's Editions, was specially curated for amfAR for the 23rd edition of Cinema Against AIDS. All proceeds go to amfAR's AIDS research programs, dedicated to advances in HIV prevention, treatment, and care.

This page: Marlene Taschen in Pucci and Simon de Pury, the night's gala auctioneer.
Opposite top left: Helen Mirren browsing through the *Annie Leibovitz* SUMO.
Opposite top right: Chris Tucker and TASCHEN's Valeriane Moyersoen.

My favorite TASCHEN book is . . .

Celebrities share their recommendations

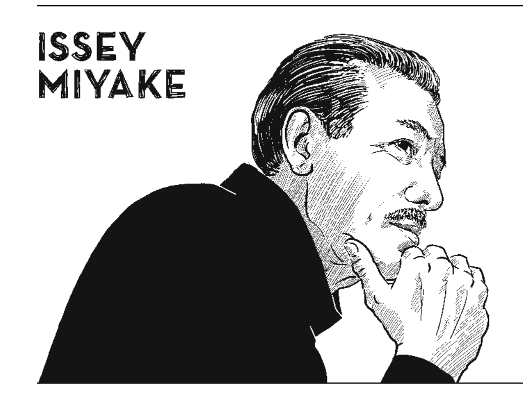
MARTIN SCORSESE



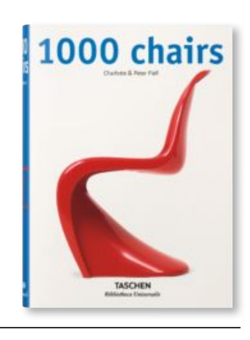
"*Frank Sinatra Has a Cold* is more than just a remarkable piece of journalism: it's a great work of American literature. In only 15,000 words, Gay Talese gave us a vast, beautiful tapestry, as richly detailed as a novel, at the center of which is a complex, mysterious, Shakespearean figure named Sinatra."



ISSEY MIYAKE



"*1000 Chairs* is always a welcome reference and inspiration, because chairs, like clothes, are closely related to the human skeleton and the movement of the human body."



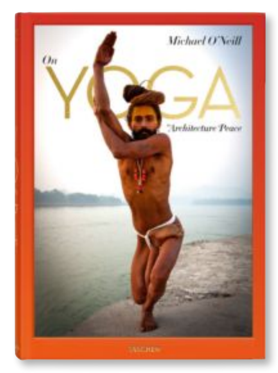


SYLVESTER STALLONE



"*GOAT* and Helmut Newton's *SUMO* are staggering achievements."

"I love Michael O'Neill's karmically delightful book *On Yoga: The Architecture of Peace*. It rocks my house!"



MICK ROCK



Illustrations by Robert Nippoldt

Los Angeles, June 2016

Dear Bookworms,

Welcome to TASCHEN's summer season. Although I love all our books, there are some with a particularly personal story. The** HR Giger-**SUMO which is at the printer as you read this magazine is one of them. We began to work on this book seven years ago. Although Giger's untimely death in 2014 meant he was never able to see his completed opus magnum, he was very enthusiastic about the project and worked in close collaboration with us, deciding the basic framework and a lot of details, including the two amazing Art Editions.

It was a pleasure and a privilege to publish Hansruedi's work since the 1980s and to count him among my friends. I hope you will enjoy his unique artistic vision and the book as much as I do. But as you know we give all our books the same attention to detail, no matter if they are big or small, thick or thin, or whether they cost $10 or $1,000.

Have fun, enjoy, and stay in touch. Thanks for your continuous support.

Peace

Benedikt Taschen



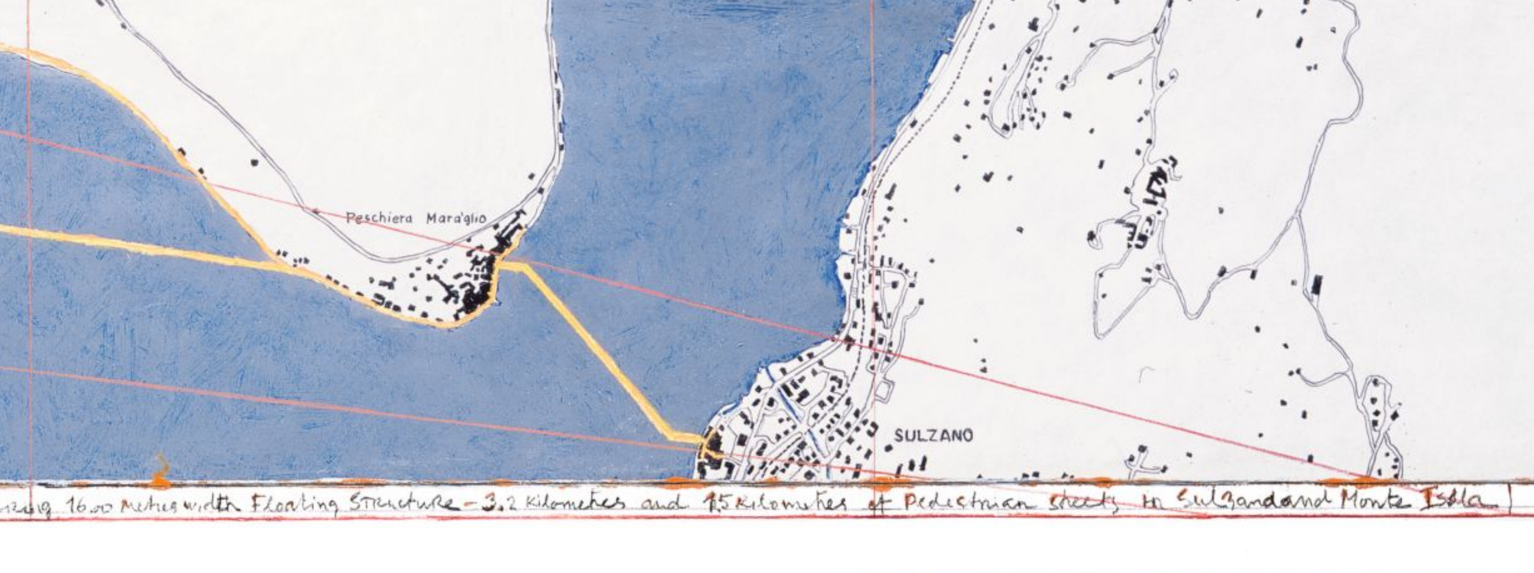
Naomi Campbell and Benedikt Taschen celebrate at Marc Jacobs' launch party for NAOMI at *The Diamond Horseshoe*, New York.



JUNE 18 – JULY 3 ON LAKE ISEO

AQUA SPECTACULAR

The making of Christo and Jeanne-Claude's The Floating Piers.



"This project is about walking: barefoot is the best thing. To feel the undulation and the fabric. It is spooky, sexy . . . " —Christo

The Floating Piers (Project for Lake Iseo, Italy)
Drawing in two parts, 2014.

WALKING ON WATER

Christo talks to TASCHEN's Eliza Apperly about the realization of a long-standing vision.



Lake Iseo in Northern Italy is not as well known as its Como cousin across the mountains. It is slightly smaller, a little quieter, with fewer celebrity residences dotted along its shores. This summer, however, the cerulean expanse 100 kilometers east of Milan and 200 kilometers west of Venice will host one of the art events of the century.

Between June 18 and July 3, Christo and Jeanne-Claude's *The Floating Piers* will extend a 3-kilometer yellow fabric walkway from Iseo's lakeside settlements of Peschiera and Sulzano across to the soaring island of Monte Isola and its diminutive island neighbor, San Paolo.

When the first visitor sets forth on the shimmering, undulating pier, it will be the fruition not only of intricate technical and logistical planning but also of a tenacious creative vision on the part of Christo and Jeanne-Claude. *"Jeanne-Claude and I made 22 projects together,"* Christo says, *"but we failed to get permission for 37. Some of the projects were refused but they stayed in our hearts and minds. That is the story of* The Floating Piers.*"*

The couple first proposed a floating surface on tranquil waters back in 1970 with an inflated pier for the Rio de la Plata delta in Buenos Aires. The project was never realized. They tried again in 1995, shortly after completing *Wrapped Reichstag* in Berlin, with a proposal for several floating piers in the Daiba area of Tokyo Bay. For various reasons, this too was subject to a late cancellation. But the couple would not give up on their idea: *"Jeanne-Claude loved it, and I love it."*

In 2014, five years after Jeanne-Claude died, Christo was driving through Northern Italy and scouted Lake Iseo. As well as its pristine setting and crystal waters, the lake's 400-meter high Monte Isola (Mountain Island) is the tallest freshwater island in Europe. "*It's as tall as a Manhattan skyscraper*!" marvels Christo. He decided to give the project another go.

For the earliest developmental stages, *The Floating Piers* remained secret. Tests were carried out in discrete locations in Northern

Germany and on the Black Sea to ascertain the arrangement, stability, and anchorage of the floating cubes, as well as to finalize the thickness and Dahlia yellow color of the overlying fabric. ***"Visually and technically, we cannot decide the final project from the studio. For all our temporary works of art, whether it is an urban or rural setting, we do a life-size test at a one-to-one scale."***

The project was announced in April 2015 and Lake Iseo has been a hive of activity since. Trucks have shuttled the pier's floating cubes from production plants to the project headquarters at Montecolino. 100,000 square meters of yellow fabric and laser-cut PVC strips have been sewn together into panels. Pier sections have been bolted together, with steel insert triangles allowing for gentle curves in the pier's path. And 190 anchors weighing five tons each have been installed to secure the piers to the lake bed, some 270 meters down at the deepest point. In order to enhance the play of light, color, and texture in the project, Christo decided to include 20% more fabric than the actual length of the piers. He also scheduled the project during the longest daylight hours of the year to maximize the shifting optic effects. ***"The lake has constant humidity and the color reacts and changes constantly. It glows red in the morning and moves through gold and yellow over the course of the day."***

"The constantly changing views, the lake, the mountains, the other visitors. All these things together are the final artwork." —Christo

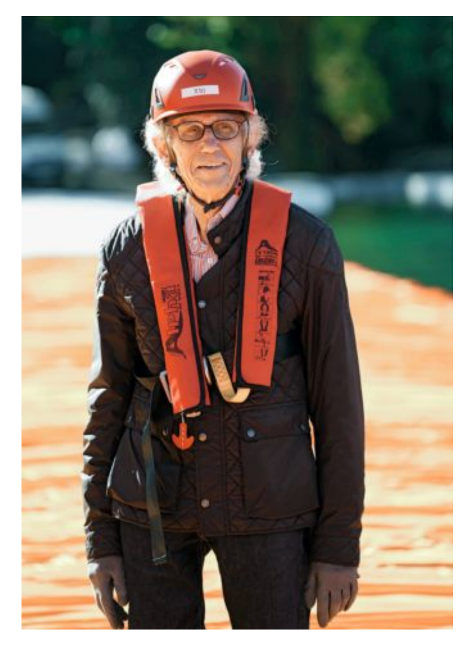
For Christo, this interaction between the pier and the Iseo environment is integral to the project. ***"Our works go beyond art in a museum or private collection. We inherit everything that is inherent to the space, and it all becomes part of the work of art."***

The project openly appeals to the visitor's own movement through this space. The arrangement of the piers is designed to invite the visitor's approach. ***"Straight lines are very important to the project. The piers have a very invitational, commanding aspect. It is all about walking. Including the stretches on the land, you have to walk five kilometers to appreciate the project, the constantly changing views, the lake, the mountains, the other visitors. All these things together are the final artwork."*** The experience will be as tactile as it is visual. ***"Walking barefoot is the best thing. To feel the undulation and the fabric. It is spooky, sexy . . . "***

It is also explicitly temporary. On the surface of this ancient glacial lake, *The Floating Piers* will be open 24 hours a day, but for 16 days only. All elements will then be removed and recycled. The transience is inherent to Christo and Jeanne-Claude's practice. ***"We are saturated with transportable art, from art fairs to touring exhibitions. But humans like things that are unique. That happen once and never again."***

TASCHEN's editions on *The Floating Piers* will span the complete concept, planning, process, and final installation of this one-off waterborne marvel. A Collector's Edition produced after the project's conclusion will be designed and conceived by Christo himself.

The books will add to an extensive Christo and Jeanne-Claude library in the TASCHEN collection, including *The Gates, Umbrellas, Wrapped Reichstag, Wrapped Trees,* and the Collector's Edition monograph *Christo and Jeanne-Claude.*

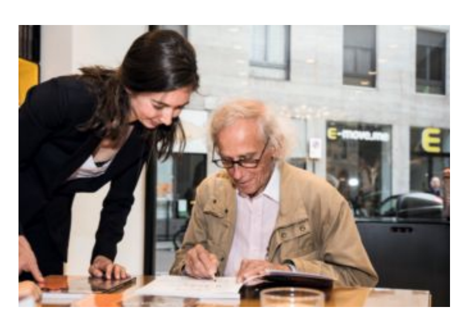


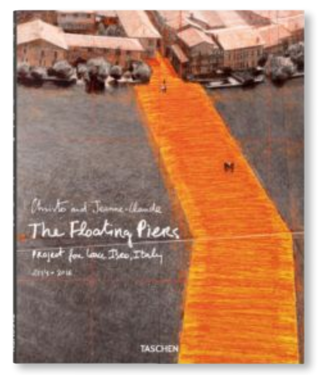


"We met Benedikt in 1994, during the last push for permission for Wrapped Reichstag," Christo recalls. ***"It has been such an important relationship. The books are integral to each project. They are like working tools . . . sourcebooks of the creative and technical process."***

From July 4, once the piers have been taken down, the visitors have left, and the glistening fabric has been rolled back in to shore, *The Floating Piers* books will also be official documents of an event and an experience that will never happen again. The plans, sketches, and photographs will testify that what was once deemed impossible came afloat after all, zig-zagging across Lake Iseo in a triumphant blaze of fabric, light, and color. *"The Floating Piers will be here, and* ***then it will be gone forever. These books show us what was anticipated, and what was realized."***

Above, left and opposite: Christo on location of *The Floating Piers*, Lago d'Iseo.
Above, right; Christo in his studio working on a preparatory drawing for *The Floating Piers*, New York, November 2015.
Below: Christo with Marlene Taschen at TASCHEN Store Milan book signing, May 2016.



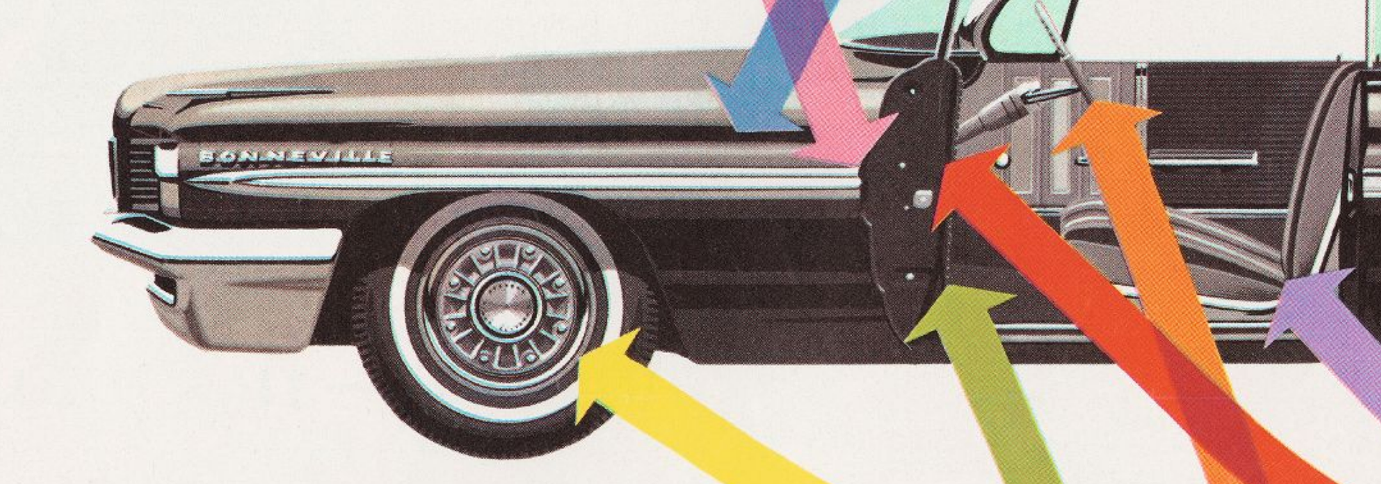


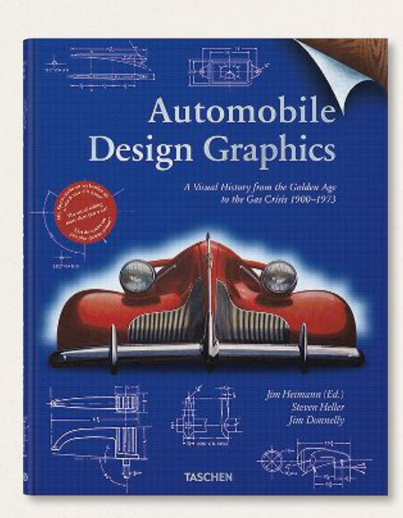
Christo and Jeanne-Claude.
The Floating Piers, Lake Iseo, 2014–16
23.5 x 29 cm (9.3 x 11.4 in.), 128 pp.
$ 29.99 / € 19.99 / £ 17.99

Check out all our Christo and Jeanne-Claude publications at taschen.com

Motor marketing

The vintage automobile brochures that sold dreams on wheels.





Automobile Design Graphics
Jim Heimann, Steven Heller, Jim Donnelly
Hardcover, 25 x 31.7 cm (9.8 x 12.5 in.), 368 pp.
$ 59.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99

Marketing one of the major purchases of their lives to Americans was an exacting process that involved not only traditional advertising but also a crucial item that extolled the virtues of the cars: the brochure. Often oversize and sumptuously produced, including acetate overlays with fabric and paint swatches, brochures were only available at dealer showrooms or auto fairs—hence specimens of antique and vintage car brochures are rare collector's items today.

From the most obscure (Tucker, Ajax, Columbia) to the most iconic (General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler), this unprecedented visual history brings together over 500 reproductions from these rare and collectible customer brochures. Across eight decades, they present not only some of the finest cars, but also some of the best illustration and graphic design of the 20th century.

Pontiac 1962.





Spike Adams and Robby Robinson in the Bob Mizer film epic *Gym Salesman & the Cowboy*, 1963.



Boy oh boy

The finest specimens of Bob Mizer's **Model Directory**

1000 men in your lap

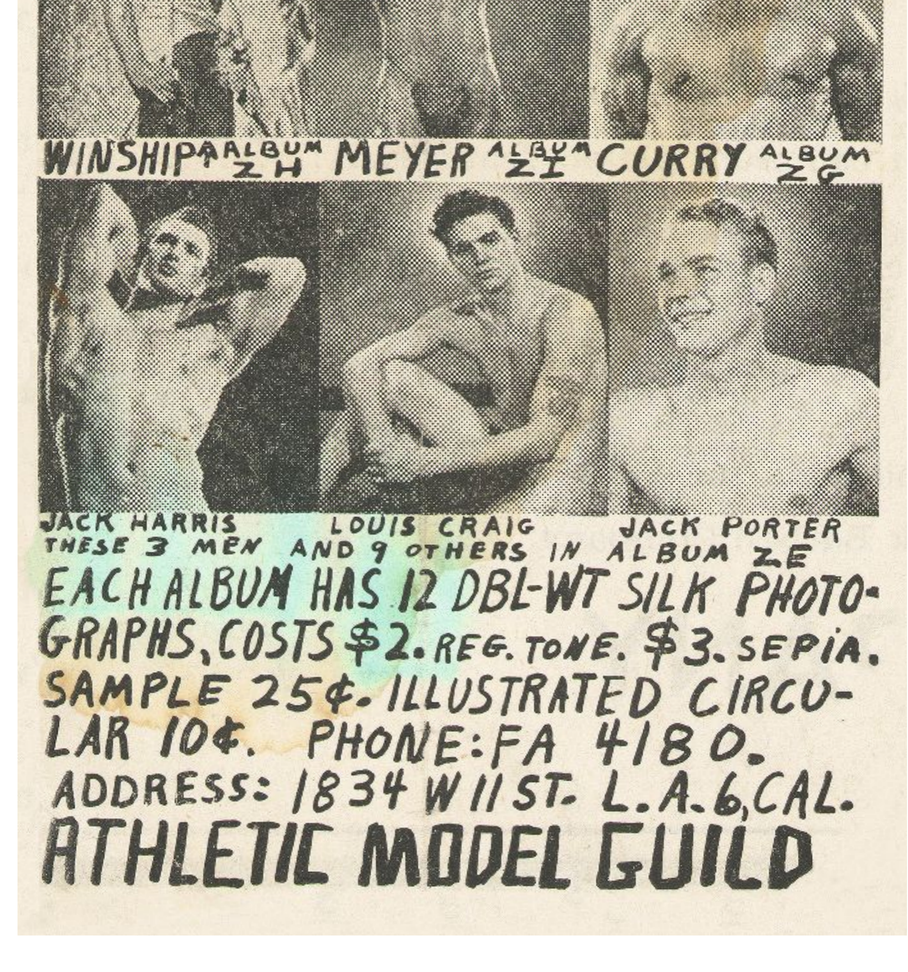
By Dian Hanson

Robert Henry Mizer, universally known as Bob, took his first commercial physique photo in 1946. By 1956 he'd photographed 1000 men, this at a time when there were no male model agencies, no discrete ads in alternative newspapers, and certainly no rentboy, backpage, or grindr.com. To commemorate his accomplishment, Bob released his highly collectible *Thousand Model Directory* in 1957, a 98-page, 8.25- by 5.25-inch booklet featuring over 1000 men, presented 12 to a page in tiny thumbnail photos. Superficially, it was a catalog, offering 12-photo sets of each model, but it was equally a boast—1000 men have stripped for me—and a compelling record of the first 10 years of Athletic Model Guild, a company first conceived as a clearinghouse for physique photographers that quickly became just Bob, all Bob.

1000 models over 10 years may not seem that extraordinary, since it averages to just 100 new models a year, but it took Bob time to build momentum, and he lost most of 1947 to a nine-month prison term. Launching *Physique Pictorial*, America's first recognizably gay magazine, in 1951 consumed more weeks, so the majority of those 1000 men were shot between 1952 and '56, at a rate exceeding one a day, in a rooming house crowded with his aged mother, older brother, and one last, stubborn lodger.

My first intention was to reproduce those original 1000 models, to choose the best image from each set and blow it up so you could actually see it. Bob shot all his early work on 4- by 5-inch sheet film so, theoretically, every photo could be enlarged to poster size. However, as I began hunting through the early sets in Dennis Bell's lovingly kept AMG archive, it became clear that some men really looked best at thumbnail size. So I expanded my parameters to 1966, when a second *Thousand Model Directory* was published, marking the end of Mizer's posing strap period. With 20 years of models to choose from the odds of finding 1000 compelling men increased dramatically, and, let's face it, the fun increased as well, since I now got to look at 250,000 photos instead of a mere 100,000. It took about 30 days, divided into 10 archive visits, spread over a year, but

> **"Superficially, it was a catalog, offering 12-photo sets of each model, but it was equally a boast—1000 men have stripped for me."**



Left: A 1949 hand-lettered flyer intended for mail order to Bob's network of carefully vetted physique photo customers.
Opposite: Larry Cottrell and Tom Parks in a still for the Mizer film *Telephone Lineman*, 1964.


Physique
PICTORIAL



then I'm unusually thorough. Dennis and I had to see every photo in every set to know that this volume truly represents the 1000 best, from model #1 to Bob's first full nudes of Brian Idol in '66.

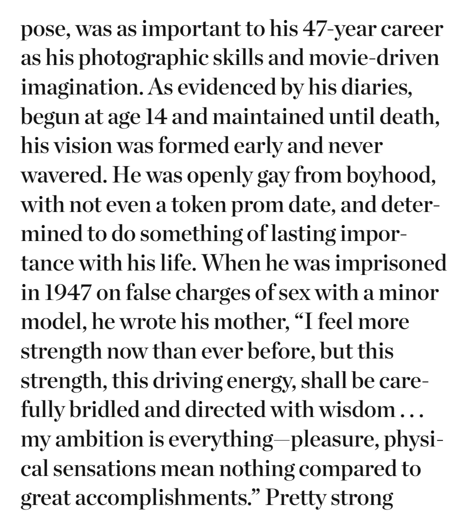
It all began with 16-year-old gymnast Forrester Millard, shot by 24-year-old Bob in mother Mizer's parlor. Forrester was

"David Hockney famously claimed he came to Los Angeles for two reasons: a photo by Julius Shulman of Case Study House #21, and Bob Mizer's *Physique Pictorial*."



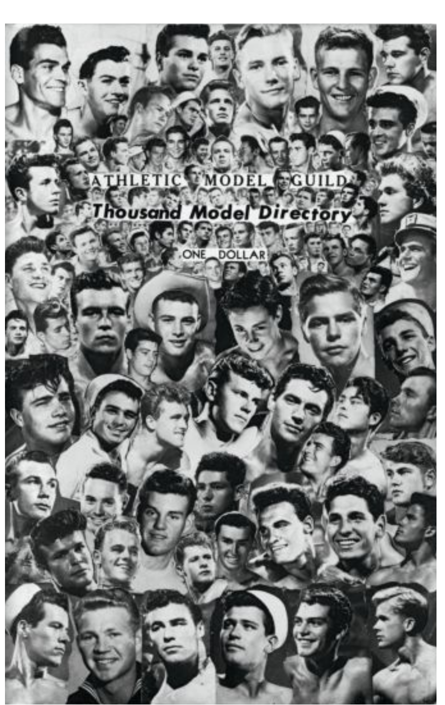
straight, as were most Bob models, but still eager to return to the Victorian rooming house near downtown Los Angeles for more photo sessions. "It was fun," was his simple summation when Dennis Bell interviewed him at age 79 in 2008, so fun that he collaborated on 15 shoots over 14 years. Bob had the knack for making shoots fun and, more crucial, for making his boys feel special. It shines in their eyes as they gaze up into his lights, their shoulders squared, muscles flexed, oiled skin glistening. Even the street toughs, the hoodlums who were Bob's Kryptonite, look touchingly proud, heroic, and faintly excited, elevated for an afternoon from bar brawler to gladiator.

Once Bob photographed Forrester he couldn't stop. Friend and fellow photographer David Hurles says that any day without a model left Bob cranky, that he'd rather shoot a subpar specimen than none, that he took his identity from the nearness of near-naked men. Fortunately, feeding his habit was easy. Bob's ability to engender trust, to instill his passions in others, to convince boys on the beach to travel across town, strip down, and



pose, was as important to his 47-year career as his photographic skills and movie-driven imagination. As evidenced by his diaries, begun at age 14 and maintained until death, his vision was formed early and never wavered. He was openly gay from boyhood, with not even a token prom date, and determined to do something of lasting importance with his life. When he was imprisoned in 1947 on false charges of sex with a minor model, he wrote his mother, "I feel more strength now than ever before, but this strength, this driving energy, shall be carefully bridled and directed with wisdom . . . my ambition is everything—pleasure, physical sensations mean nothing compared to great accomplishments." Pretty strong

Opposite: Dennis Lavia in the famous Bob Mizer shower, inspirational setting for paintings by David Hockney, 1965.
Above: Unknown contestant in a Muscle Beach bodybuilding contest, ca. 1950.
Below left and center: The cover and interior page of the original *Thousand Model Directory*, self-published by Mizer in 1957. It actually contained over 1000 thumbnail sized photos on 98 pages.
Below right: Frank Bird and Frank Renault frolic by the pool at Mizer's Los Angeles compound, 1956.





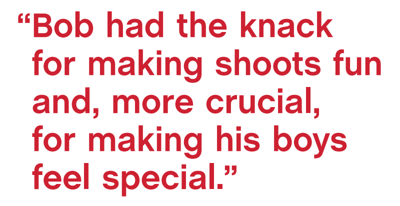


statements from a son convicted of sex crimes, but more, they reveal Bob's early, unwavering determination. Part of Bob's success in finding those first models was his precocious maturity. Artist John Sonsini, who continued living in the block-square, barbed-wire-enclosed AMG compound after Bob's death, found a wallet in the photographer's childhood attic bedroom containing a scrap of paper with the typewritten edict:

CODE OF BEHAVIOR:
More masculine at all times
Manly Stance/Erect Posture
Voice lower and slower

Bob realized early that accomplishing his goals required him to become a confident leader, a man other men would trust, admire, and obey. His attraction to masculine strength demanded that he be masculine and strong. At age 18 he recorded an incident in his diary where his mother's boarders mocked a gay friend's effeminacy. Bob would not be mocked by straight men, while fully acknowledging his orientation. "I'm straight, but [posing for Bob] didn't bother me at all," early model Ben Sorensen told me when I was writing *Bob's World* for TASCHEN back in 2008. "Bob was a real gentleman." Bob found Ben at the original Muscle Beach, in Santa Monica, California, as he did most of his early models. Along with friends Bob Burns, Ed Smith, and Steve Gooding, Ben liked to exercise nude on secluded beaches in the late '40s, and let Bob tag along to take photos. They all knew he would sell their photos, and to whom, but as Ben noted, "The guys got free pictures and some of them were worth showing to their friends," a rare gift in those days. What Ben couldn't articulate was how hungry he and his fellow bodybuilders were for recognition back before Joe Weider and Arnold Schwarzenegger made muscles big business. The girls on the beach were largely indifferent, but Bob understood just how, and how much, to boost their egos. Bob helped thousands, if not millions, of men embrace their gay identity, including artist David Hockney, who famously claimed he came to Los Angeles for two reasons: a photo by Julius Shulman of Case Study House #21, and Bob Mizer's *Physique Pictorial*. There were several bodybuilding magazines on the stands in 1951, when *Physique Pictorial* debuted, notably *Strength & Health*, *Ironman*, *Your Physique*, and *Muscle Power*, but no physique magazines, nothing based solely on the homoerotic allure of muscular men. Gay men bought the bodybuilding magazines, but always with the knowledge that they were trespassing in hostile, hetero territory. Bob changed that. Though he photographed many of the same muscle stars as *Strength & Health*, in *Physique Pictorial* their eyes and attitudes were more welcoming. David Hurles said that when he, as a teenager, first saw the magazine on a newsstand in his native Cincinnati, Ohio, he felt





Above: Massive Muscle Beach legend Charles Stroeder posing at an LA ruin, 1956.
Left: John Tristram and Forrester Millard, two of Bob's most popular models, pose by the compound pool, 1959.
Opposite: Dan Holder, Dennis Sanfacon, and Jim Stafford in a still from the film *Gay Caballero*, 1963.



Above: Freckle-faced all-American Ray Loop poses his perfect butt for Bob, 1960.

instantly included, as if the men were beckoning him to look. This, again, was Bob's talent, to coax flirtation from his straight models, to capture their muscles, and their personalities, to make the viewer imagine they were there just for him. John Sonsini, who painted backdrops for Bob from 1986 until his death, said that a Bruce Bellas photo showed you someone you wished you could be, whereas "when you looked at a Bob Mizer photo, the look in the man's eyes said 'I'm here for you, and I mean you: the gay man.'" Bob worked right up until March 1992, when he hauled himself to the studio on gouty legs, with failed kidneys, three weeks before his death, to photograph one last model. In all, he photographed around 10,000 men, 4,000 physique style and 6,000 fully nude, and if he'd photographed 10,000 more, he'd still have felt he hadn't done quite enough for his fellow gay men. David Hurles said, "Bob was happy to get up every day for 47 years knowing that what he had to do that day was photograph naked men. That is what Bob Mizer did and that is who he was. Period." As these 1000 men prove, that was much, much more than enough.



Bob Mizer. AMG: 1000 Model Directory
Dian Hanson
2 Hardcover vols. in slipcase, with DVD,
22.0 x 27.5 cm (8.7 x 10.8 in.), 1.048 pp.
$ 99.99 / € 74.99 / £ 69.99



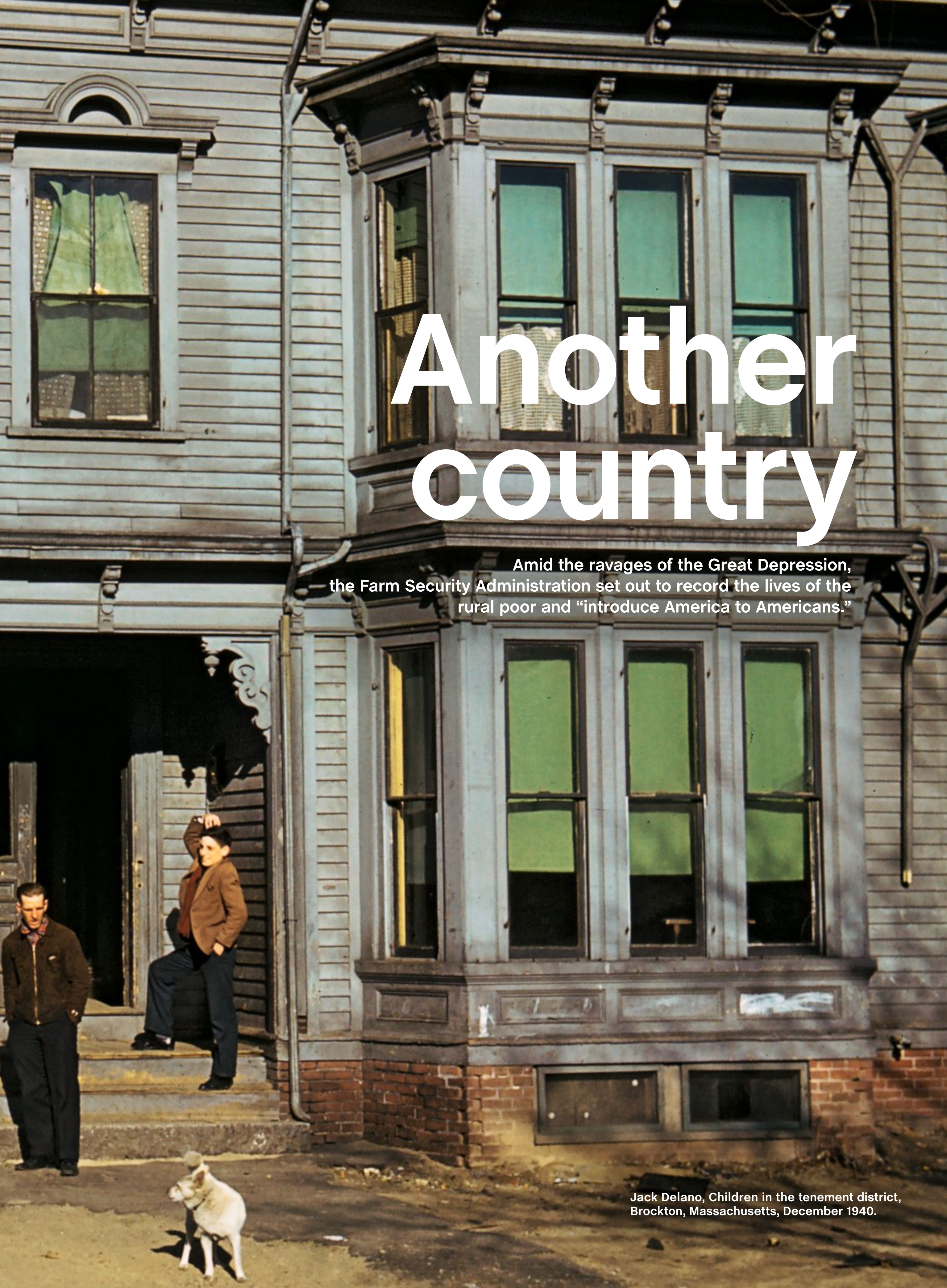
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Valerie Steele, Suzy Menkes
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Alexander McQueen, 2010





Another country

Amid the ravages of the Great Depression, the Farm Security Administration set out to record the lives of the rural poor and "introduce America to Americans."

Jack Delano, Children in the tenement district, Brockton, Massachusetts, December 1940.

Black Thursday

By Peter Walther



On October 24, 1929, a chilly but sunny fall morning, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill, paid a visit to Wall Street. For several days, there had been widespread nervousness following extreme market fluctuations. That morning, business began calmly enough. Then, at around 11 a.m., a wave of panic selling broke. As the future prime minister of Great Britain recalled in his memoirs: "So there they were walking to and fro like a slow motion picture of a disturbed ant heap, offering enormous blocks of securities at a third of their old price and half of their present value, and for many minutes together finding no one strong enough to pick up the sure fortunes they were compelled to offer." Trading was suspended several times that day and within the space of only two hours the slump in prices wiped out more than eleven billion dollars.

The following day the effects of Black Thursday spread to Europe, where Black Friday marked the beginning of a chain of catastrophic developments which led to the collapse of the global economy. So began the Great Depression, a worldwide economic crisis which was only overcome in the United States when the nation entered World War II.

> **"Through these travels and the photographs I got to love the United States more than I could have in any other way."** —Jack Delano

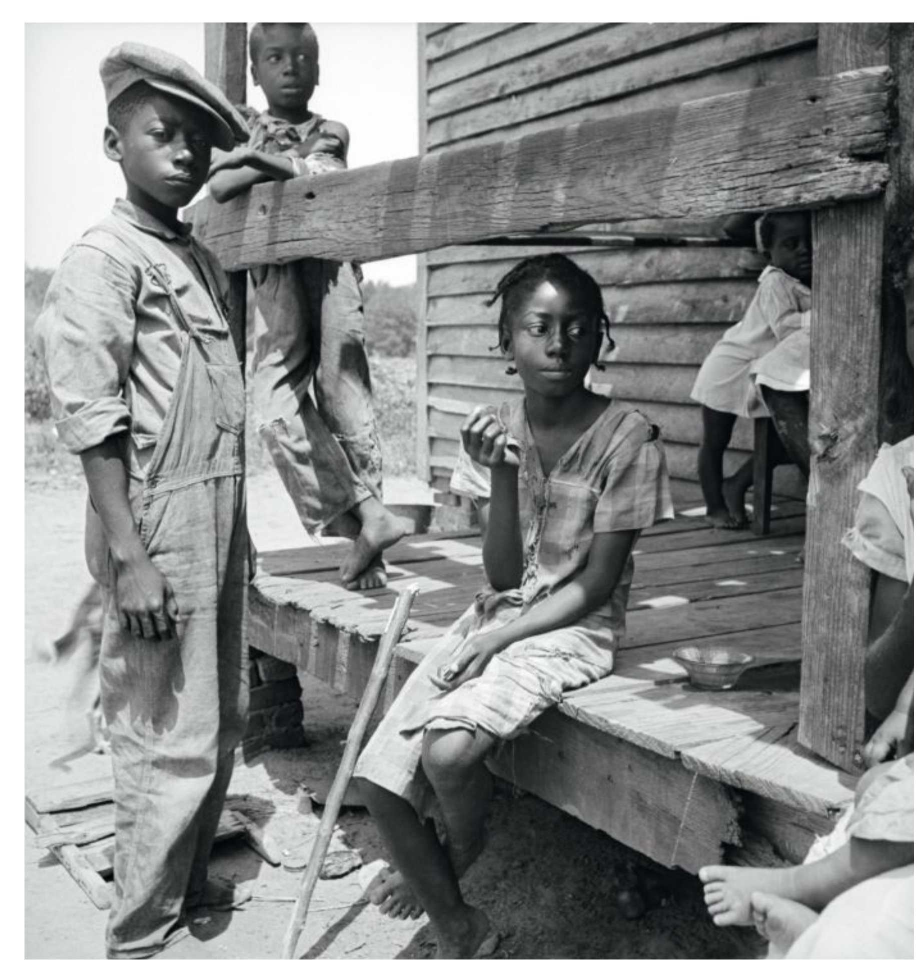
The direct effects of the stock market crash were cataclysmic. After the market collapsed like a house of cards, panic overtook every sector. Banks no longer lent money, businesses were forced to close, unemployment rose to 25 percent, and by 1932 average earnings had more than halved.

The rural population was particularly hard hit. Farmers were already in dire straits in the 1920s. Heavy demand from war-ravaged Europe had fueled over-production, which in turn led to falling prices. Then, as Europe slowly recovered, sales to the Continent stalled. In the years that followed, one in four farmers was so deep in debt that he was forced to sell up. Natural disasters caused yet more problems. In order to create more land for cultivation, large areas were cleared of prairie grass, whose roots protected the upper layers of soil from

eroding. In the 1930s, long spells of continuous heat and drought caused soil erosion across a vast area of the Great Plains, a wide belt of land extending down the middle of the continent from Canada to Texas. Here, in what became known as the Dust Bowl, the inhabitants were battered so hard by sandstorms that they had no choice but to abandon their land and migrate, mostly to California. At the peak of the devastation, in 1936, more than two and a half million people left their homes.

Agriculture became one of the key issues in domestic policy. Roosevelt's New Deal was an attempt to counteract collective despondency while also creating a basis for reform. As well as implementing welfare and labor law reforms, the main focus was on developing programs to help poverty-stricken farmers who had once owned or rented land. In 1935, economist Rexford Tugwell encouraged Roosevelt to set up the Resettlement Administration, renamed the Farm Security Administration in 1937. Its task would be to organize the relocation of farmers from the Dust Bowl regions. A historical section was created to document the process with Roy Stryker from Columbia University at its head.

Stryker's objective was to create a picture of rural America on the threshold of the modern age to pass on to future generations. Although by calling he was an economist rather than a photographer, he had long been convinced of the value of photography as a means of illustrating economic issues. Instead of taking the view that "a picture says more than a thousand words," he believed "the photograph is only the subsidiary, the little brother, of the word." Stryker's project grew into the 20th century's most comprehensive collection of social documentary photographs.



Between 1935 and 1943 more than 40 photographers took part in the FSA campaign. Arthur Rothstein, initially hired to set up the laboratory, Walker Evans, Theodor Jung, Dorothea Lange, Carl Mydans (who was replaced after a year by Russell Lee), and Ben Shahn were the first photographers Stryker engaged. Later they were joined by, among others, Jack Delano, Marion Post Wolcott, John Vachon, and Gordon Parks. Stryker's choice did not follow any specific system. Some, like Walker Evans and Ben Shahn, had previously worked for the US administration; others, like Arthur Rothstein, Stryker knew from his time at Columbia, while he became aware of Dorothea Lange through her work in California.

Irrespective of the closeness of their relationship with Stryker, many of the photographers taking part in the project remarked on his warm, respectful attitude, as Dorothea Lange did in an interview in 1964: "Roy Stryker ... had an instinct for what's important. It's instinct. And he is a colossal watchdog for his people. If you were on the staff, you were one of his people, and he was a watchdog, and a good one."

Stryker not only gave the photographers lessons and recommended reading; while they were traveling he sent them "shooting scripts" with quite concrete instructions as

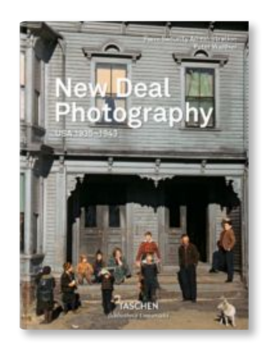


Opposite: Arthur Rothstein. Salem, Illinois, February 1940.
Above: Dorothea Lange. Delta children, Mississippi, July 1936.
Left: Marion Post Wolcott. Shacks condemned by Board of Health, formerly occupied by migrant workers and pickers, Belle Glade, Florida, January 1941.

to what they should photograph. A script from Stryker for a photographer working in a small town might suggest specific focal points, such as a theater, stores, an auto-repair shop, a hairdressing salon, the town hall, the prison, the firehouse, and perhaps hydrants or road signs. There could be instructions to highlight how people from different income groups spent their spare time. The photographers sent their film to Washington for processing in the section's photo lab. In return, they received contact sheets with instructions to write captions for the shots Stryker had marked.
Comparing the work of the photographers whom he recruited and that of photojournalists, Stryker declared that "news pictures are the noun and the verb; our kind of photography is the adjective and adverb." While press photographers shot subjects and events with the intention of illustrating a news story, what FSA photographers captured were the flavor and the smell of the scenery. In Stryker's words: "It is a broader statement–frequently a mood, an accent, but more frequently a sketch and not infrequently a story."

"Whenever they asked me 'what are you doing out here taking pictures?' I said, 'well, I'm taking pictures of the history of today.'" —Russell Lee

By 1941, the FSA was under increasing pressure to justify its existence. Once the FSA merged with the Office of War Information, Stryker had little control over the choice of topics. He arranged for the Library of Congress to take over the collection. The move marked the end of the active phase of the FSA project and in the ensuing decades its photo-documentary works were widely forgotten. Only the iconic images created by FSA photographers survived in the visual memory of succeeding generations: Dorothea Lange's *Migrant Mother*, Arthur Rothstein's *Dust Storm*, Walker Evans's New York photos and his shot of the Bethlehem graveyard, as well as Gordon Parks's scenes from the life of Ella Watson, including his famous *American Gothic*. The 1962 MoMA exhibition curated by Edward Steichen paved the way for the rediscovery of the collection. Since then, books containing FSA photos have appeared, mostly focusing on specific photographers, regions, or themes, but many pictures have remained unseen. Brought out of the archives, they bear witness not only to an unparalleled photo-documentary project, but also to a nation where, in an era of terrible hardship, people had courage enough to confront weaknesses head-on and find the strength to create a new beginning.



New Deal Photography. USA 1935–1943
Peter Walther
Hardcover, 14 x 19.5 cm (5.5 x 7.7 in.), 608 pp.
$ 19.99 / € 14.99 / £ 12.99

Below: Dorothea Lange. Migratory Mexican field worker's home on the edge of a frozen pea field, Imperial Valley, Imperial County, California, March 1937.

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THE REAL FIDEL

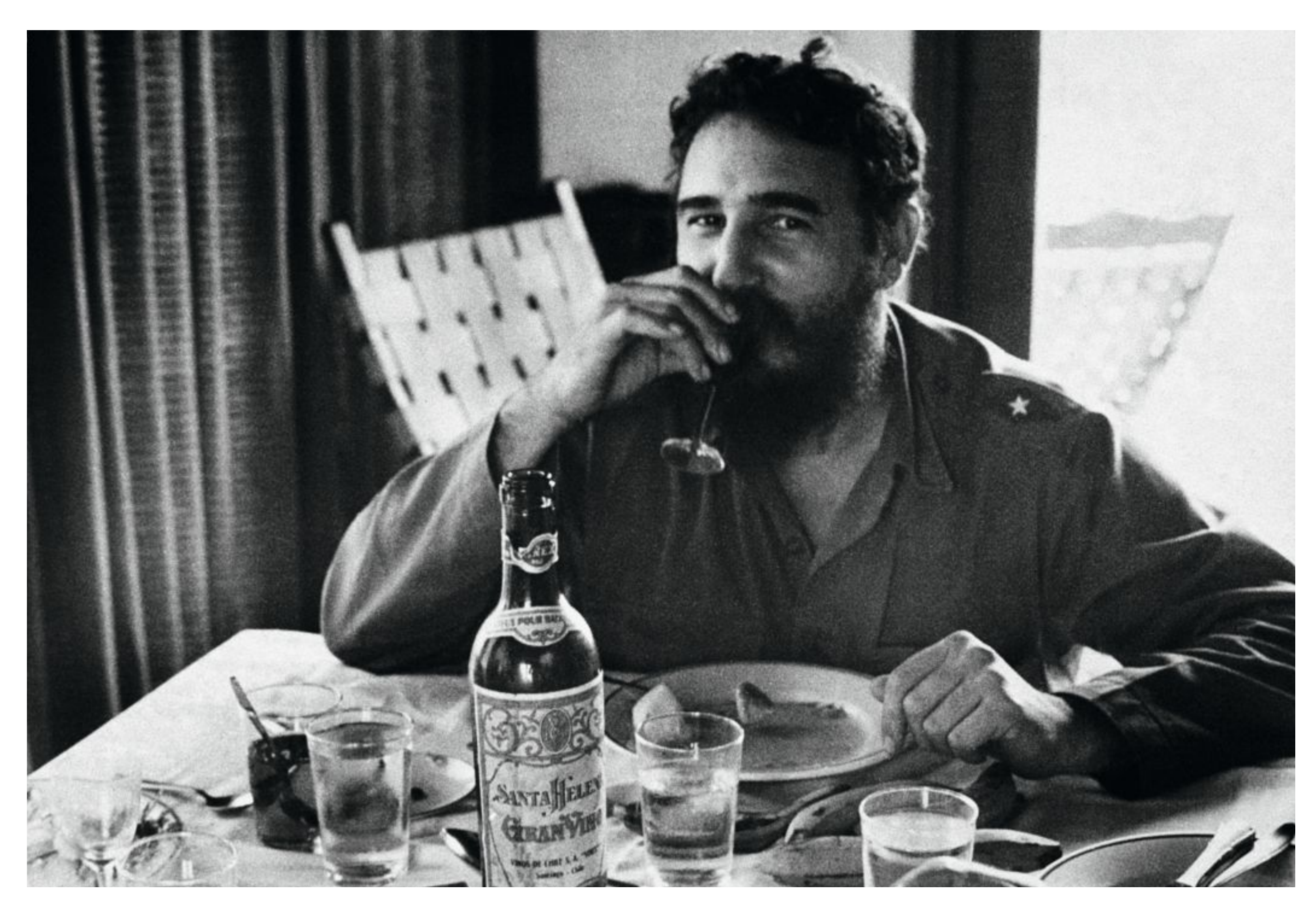
Between 1959 and 1969, photojournalist Lee Lockwood documented Cuba and its new leader Fidel Castro with unprecedented freedom. His writings, interviews, and a stash of unpublished images come together in *Castro's Cuba*, a remarkable double portrait of the island and its victorious revolutionary.



Emil Stadelhofer, the Swiss ambassador to Cuba, negotiates the Cuban-US airlift with Castro, 1965.

THE GUY WHO GOT FIDEL—ON FILM AND TAPE

Lee Lockwood's mission to interview Cuba's elusive Maximum Leader.



"I will see you again very soon, and we will have our talk," Fidel Castro had promised in May. Now it was August, and I was still waiting. I had come to Cuba intending to stay only about two months, and I was beginning to run out of time and money and, most of all, patience.

My most vexing problem was that I had lost all contact with the top. I had no way of finding out when my interview would be, or whether it was even going to take place at all.

"The island was in a state of official alert when I arrived. Two weeks later, the United States began bombing North Vietnam, Cuba's sister Socialist republic."

It is a general characteristic of countries where one man rules that there are no "normal" channels through which one may gain access to him. This is especially true in Cuba, where the process of institutionalization has been lagging, and where the leaders carry on their affairs with studied informality, as though they were still guerrillas in the mountains. Moreover, because the regime has been troubled throughout its seven years in power by defections and betrayals of people in key positions, and because he himself is so busy, Castro has come to guard his channels of approach more and more jealously.

The only sure way of reaching Castro while I was in Cuba was through one of two people: René Vallejo, his aide-de-camp, or Celia Sánchez, his secretary. They are both old, infinitely trusted comrades from the guerrilla days, Fidel's right and left arms and his closest personal friends. Vallejo, a gifted surgeon, doubles as Castro's physician, while Celia includes among her multiform duties that of keeping house for Fidel. Both of them are in motion all day long, attending personally to an enormous range of details on Castro's behalf, many of which, in an atmosphere permissive of greater trust, might easily be delegated to others. Castro, who himself works an average twenty-hour day, expects his associates to do likewise.

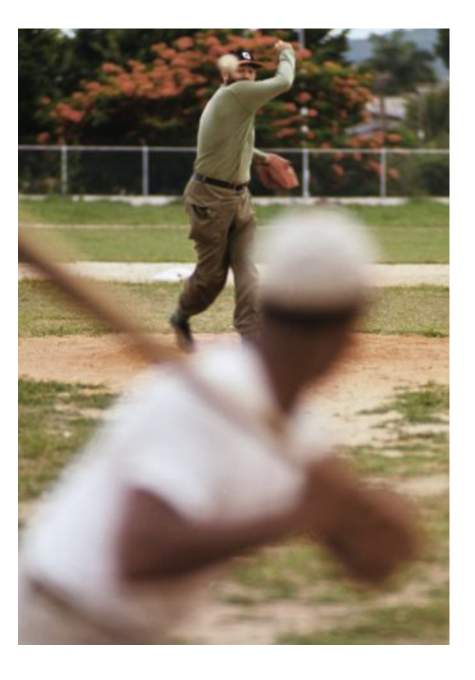
The problem of direct access to Castro would not be so crucial if ministers, heads of departments, and other officials were able to make important decisions on their

“We don’t like Castro, so we close our eyes and hold our ears. Yet if he really is our enemy, as dangerous to us as we are told he is, then it seems to me we ought to know as much about him as possible. And if he is not—then that fact should be known. Whether one agrees or disagrees with his ideas, the best way to begin understanding a man is by listening to what he has to say.” —Lee Lockwood

own authority or at least to transmit requests to the top and report back the decisions. But such is the chaos and the insecurity in Cuba’s ever-shifting administration that most officials, like the general public, must reach Castro through either Celia or Vallejo, sometimes for even the most minor requests. Thus, the information chief of the Ministry of Foreign Relations, Ramiro del Río, a capable and intelligent man who should have been my normal channel to Castro, was totally unable to find out anything about the status of my interview. (Most of the time he couldn’t even get Vallejo on the telephone.) While I was feeling frustrated, the thought occurred to me that there might be thousands of Cubans in a similar predicament, unable to get satisfaction from lower authorities and equally impotent in their efforts to communicate with the Maximum Leader. Take, for example, the case of Celia Sánchez’s telephone.

“Because the regime has been troubled by defections and betrayals, Castro has come to guard his channels of approach more and more jealously.”

Celia is a hardworking, warmhearted woman with a sympathetic ear for everybody’s problems. As a result, she has long been the person in Cuba to go to when direct intervention without red tape is imperative. The problem is, how to reach her? Because so many people call her all day long (and much of the night too), she has an unlisted telephone number. It is given out to individuals only with her personal permission and only after a solemn pledge of secrecy is extracted. But Cubans are notoriously unable to keep secrets. So, every few months, when the volume of calls rises to an uncontrollable level, Celia is forced to change her number without notice.
Moreover, once you have obtained her number and dialed it, you are given a final chance to reconsider the urgency of your call. A professional radio announcer’s voice recites the following tape-recorded admonition:
“If you are calling to discuss a personal matter—about a home, an intervened farm, a house at the beach, furniture, refrigerators, automobiles, accessories for the same, scholarships, exit from the country, or prisoners—direct yourself to the appropriate organization. I do not work in any of those departments. After seven o’clock at night, do not call me. If it is not urgent, do not call me.”





My own contact was with Comandante Vallejo, whom I knew from prior visits to Cuba. With him I had worked out the arrangements for my trip by phone and letter from New York. Before I left, he had assured me that I would have an interview with Fidel Castro—not a “press” interview, but a longer, informal conversation extending at least two or three days. Soon after I arrived, over a convivial luncheon at his own home, Vallejo had reconfirmed Castro’s enthusiasm for the idea. “In a very few days,” he promised, “you will be sitting

Opposite: “A conversation with Castro is an extraordinary experience and, until you get used to it, a most unnverving one.”
Above: “In a recent game in Oriente province, Fidel pitched to Raúl—who collected two hits. Fidel’s team lost, even though he demanded and got two extra innings to try to catch up.”
Left: Lockwood on the baseball field with Castro, 1964.



down with Fidel, and you will have as much time as you want."

Since then I had made two trips with Fidel and spoken with him briefly on half a dozen other occasions. Each time there had been some reason for not starting the interview at that moment, and each time he had promised, "I will see you very soon," after which weeks would go by during which nothing happened. I called Vallejo frequently; he always assured me, in the same enthusiastically cheerful tone, "It's going to be very soon now. Be ready." And after that, each time, silence.

By mid-July, Vallejo wasn't even coming to the telephone anymore when I called (out of embarrassment at not being able to give



"When Castro devoted part of his speech to a tirade against the 'false and cynical reporting' of the resident AP and UPI correspondents, denouncing them as 'paid lackeys of the Yankee press,' I gave up hope."

me a definite answer, I later learned).

It was not difficult to find reasons for Castro's seeming unwillingness to talk to me. There were extenuating circumstances. A week before my arrival, the United States had sent troops into the Dominican Republic, only one hundred miles away from Cuba's southern shore. This "Yankee aggression" reawakened memories of the Bay of Pigs and made Cubans bitter and uneasy. The island was in a state of official alert when I arrived.

Two weeks later, the United States suddenly began bombing North Vietnam, Cuba's sister Socialist republic, with whom Castro and most Cubans feel a militant solidarity that is remarkably personal in tone—given the distance between the two countries. At this moment the vilification of the United States by Cuba's leaders and press, already at a shrill pitch, grew even louder and more vituperative.

Finally, when Castro, on a steaming hot afternoon at the 26th of July celebration in Santa Clara, devoted part of his speech to a tirade against the "false and cynical reporting" of the resident AP and UPI correspondents, denouncing them as "paid lackeys of the Yankee press," I gave up hope. In such an atmosphere, I decided, Castro would hardly be in the mood to sit down for a long interview with an American journalist. As soon as I returned to Havana, I set about winding up my affairs and booked a seat for the following Monday on the weekly flight from Cuba to Bermuda.

"Bodyguards were lounging against cars, smoking and laughing and eyeing the passing girls. Their presence was a sure sign that Castro was somewhere inside."

The Friday night before I was to leave, I went to a movie and afterward, joined some friends at El Carmelo, a swank outdoor restaurant famed in prerevolutionary times for its ice cream. Around midnight, I began walking back to the Hotel Nacional, about a mile away. The summer night was warm and sultry. Walking down Twenty-First Street, I stopped for a moment to wipe the perspiration from my face and was suddenly aware of a pair of large white eyes peering carefully at me out of the darkness. It was one of Castro's bodyguards, posted on the street corner, a



Opposite: Castro exercises at his Isle of Pines retreat, 1965.
Left: Castro on Varadero Beach, near Havana, 1964.
Above: "I returned to Cuba in May 1966, and spent three days with Castro in the mountains of Oriente Province, during which he read every word of my manuscript. He made a number of changes, most of them either slight adjustments of wording for greater clarity or minor corrections of fact. At the end, he pronounced himself satisfied with the result."



"You can stay at my house, but you must be there as simply one more guest and live like everybody else. You can go fishing or hunting with us, take pictures if you want to. But I don't want to feel any pressure."

—Fidel Castro



Castro on the veranda with his personal secretary, Celia Sánchez. Isle of Pines, 1965.


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tommy gun slung over his back. Across the street was the Hotel Capri. In the hotel's angled driveway I saw Fidel's fleet of Oldsmobiles gleaming under the light of the neon signs. Other bodyguards were lounging against the cars and in the hotel doorway, smoking and laughing and eyeing the passing girls. Their presence was a sure sign that Castro was somewhere

"I said that he had a reputation of being a man of his word and voiced the hope that he would keep his word to me."

inside the hotel, and their relaxed state indicated that he was not expected to emerge very soon.

My own hotel was only two blocks away. I decided to make one last try to arrange the interview. I went back to my room and quickly wrote a letter to Castro. I reminded him of his many promises to talk with me and of the long time I had been waiting. I opined that he was about to forgo an unusual opportunity to communicate directly with the American public, the long-range advantages of which, I thought, ought to outweigh any rancor that he might be feeling at the moment over present US foreign policy. I said that he had a reputation of being a man of his word and voiced the hope that he would keep his word to me.

Back at the Hotel Capri, the bodyguards were still deployed. I struck up a conversation with one of them, who informed me that Fidel was meeting with a trade delegation from Spain who was quartered in the hotel. More than an hour passed. Finally,



Opposite: Castro speaks with workers, 1965.
Above: "Ay, Fidel—how fat you've gotten!" a woman says to Castro, 1965.
Below: "We Support Fidel," 26th of July, Revolution Square, Havana, 1959.

shortly after 2 a.m., there was a flurry of activity, the guards quashed their cigarettes and manned their posts, and Castro then pushed energetically through the glass doors leading from the hotel lobby, preceded and followed by other green-clad guards moving in particle-like trajectories toward the automobiles. Two strides behind him came Vallejo. I called to him and gave him the letter.

"Fine," he said, "I'll read it to him in the car right now!" and he ran to catch up with Castro's automobile, which was already moving out of the driveway, one rear door still open, and jumped in.

"On one side, a submachine-gun bolt was digging into my ribs; on the other, a bulky pistol prodded my kidney. We raced with urgent speed toward Nuevo Vedado."

The next morning at eight o'clock, Vallejo woke me with a phone call, his voice excited. "Fidel liked your letter very much! Don't go anywhere! Be ready for a car to pick you up anytime after noon!" Two weeks and six postponements later, at precisely one o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, I stood under the porticoed entrance of the Hotel Nacional as a guard-laden Oldsmobile eased across the slowdown bump at the mouth of the driveway, roared down the long approach, and shrieked to a stiff halt in front of me. Without a word of greeting, Gonzales, the crusty second-in-command of the bodyguards, motioned me into the backseat. I got in, juggling cameras, tape recorder, and knapsack, between two tough-faced soldiers who paid no attention to my efforts to squeeze into the narrow space. On one side, a submachine-gun bolt was digging into my ribs; on the other, a bulky pistol prodded my kidney. My knees were drawn up tightly, cramped by the heavy leather sling across the back of the front seat, which bulged with tommy guns, pistols, bullet clips, grenades, and a large quantity of ammunition.

We raced down onto the Malecón, the picturesque drive that girdles Havana's splendid harbor, and headed with urgent speed toward Nuevo Vedado. The silence in the car was broken only by instructional grunts from Gonzales to the driver: "*Doble aqui . . . A la izquierda . . . No, por allí por allí!*"

After about fifteen minutes we turned into a secluded side street and halted in the driveway beneath Vallejo's modern, split-level home. The driveway was already filled with other Oldsmobiles, parked at different angles for fast exit to the street. The guards shoved open the doors, leaped out like paratroopers, and headed for the house.

"Shall I come with you?" I called to Gonzales. "Stay there—don't move!" he shouted over his shoulder.

Shortly, the door of the house next to



Left: Swedish woman at 10th-anniversary celebration of Cuban Revolution, January 8, 1969.
Above: People gather on Havana streets with flags held proudly as rebel forces head toward the city on January 2, 1959.
Opposite: 26th of July celebration in Santiago de Cuba, 1964.



"It was a fabulous time. For a moment, at least, even the most pessimistic suspended their twentieth-century cynicism and saw Fidel Castro as the incarnation of a legendary hero surrounded by an aura of magic, a bearded Parsifal who had brought miraculous deliverance to an ailing Cuba."



Vallejo's was opened, and Castro strolled out onto the porch alone, a long tan cigar in one hand and a gold snap-top lighter in the other. He sniffed the air and peered contemplatively at the uncertain sky. As he was about to light his cigar, a large charcoal-gray dog streaked out of the house behind him and hurtled against his calves with such force that Castro jackknifed backward, dropping the lighter, and almost fell flat. The dog, a young German shepherd, bounded around the lawn in high spirits, then ran back to Castro's side, panting and frisking its tail. Fidel, recovering from his surprise, laughed and patted its flank, talking to it affectionately.

I got out of the car. Castro saw me, picked up his lighter, and came down the steps. As we shook hands, we were knocked apart by a dog, which then leapt onto its hind legs and put its forepaws on the *jefe's* shoulders, moaning with excitement. The dog minuetted with Castro, who staggered backward, laughing and fighting it off as it exuberantly tried to lick his beard.

"His name is Guardián," Fidel shouted proudly, ducking as the dog leapt again. "He is not very well-trained yet! I got him as a puppy and raised him myself. I think he will

"Castro strolled out onto the porch, a long tan cigar in one hand and a gold snap-top lighter in the other. He peered contemplatively at the uncertain sky."

make a good watchdog, no? Heel, Guardián!" he ordered sharply. The dog paid no attention. "Heel! Heel!" But Guardián only redoubled his efforts to kiss him. "Come," Castro said finally to me, giv-

Above: Residents of Santiago de Cuba ferry touring Vietnamese delegates in Cuba for the OLAS (Organization of Latin American Solidarity) conference, 1967.
Below: Havana street scene, 1959.
Opposite: Street art, Santiago de Cuba, 1969. The image of revolutionary Che Guevara continued to resonate with Cubans, even years after he left Cuba and was ultimately assassinated.

ing up. “I must not stand outside here. It is too exposed. Let’s get into the car.”

We got into the backseat of Fidel’s automobile—the three of us. The dog occupied half the seat, hulking and shifting nervously leaving the premier and me jammed together. Our thighs and shoulders were locked so tightly that as we talked we were forced to look straight ahead, unable to turn.

“I want to apologize,” Castro said seriously. “I am very sorry about all the delays we have had in getting together. There have been many problems. Lately there were so many delegations arrived for the 26th of July whom I had to see. . . . And then there was the international situation. . . . Your letter was very good, very good. It reminded me about you, what kind of a person you are, and so I decided to do the interview, not for myself, but for you, because you are trying to do an honest piece of work. . . . So now we are going to the Isle of Pines, where I am hoping to get a little rest. We will have all of tonight to talk, as late as you wish, and then perhaps a little time tomorrow morning if there are still some questions. We have a plane ready to take you back to Havana tomorrow so that you can make your flight.”

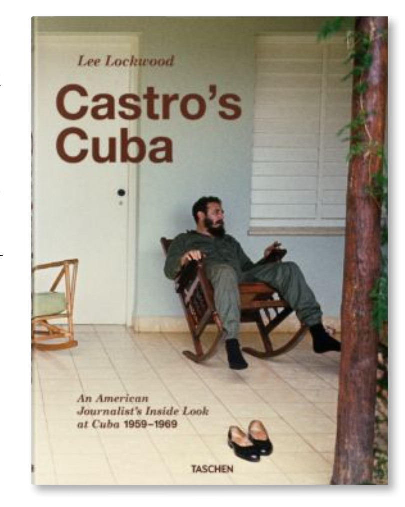
“I doubt if anyone who was present in Cuba then, whether native or foreigner, and regardless of his present opinion of Castro, will ever forget the spirit of exaltation and hope that permeated the island during those first days after the revolution took power.”

I thanked him. “But,” I said, “I really feel that one night will never be enough. I think we are going to need two or three days. So if you are going to stay on the Isle of Pines a while, and you wouldn’t mind my being there, I could postpone my departure one more week and we could talk whenever you have the time.”

Castro pursed his lips and frowned.

“Very well. But you must understand that I am going principally because I need to relax. I want to do some hunting and fishing. Also, I have a great pile of books to read. But I have no objection if, perhaps when I have an hour before breakfast, or sometimes in the evening. . . . Only you must make a pact with me. You can stay at my house, but you must be there as simply one more guest and live like everybody else. You can go fishing or hunting with us, take pictures if you want to. But I don’t want to feel any pressure. . . . I must not feel pressure when I look at you and think, ‘Well, he is waiting for his interview.’ Do you agree?”

“Of course,” I said. “In fact, I would prefer it.”



Lee Lockwood. Castro’s Cuba. An American Journalist’s Inside Look at Cuba, 1959–1969
Hardcover, 25.5 x 34 cm (10 x 13.4 in.), 368 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99



Bringing it all back home

It was the year Bob Dylan made two of his greatest albums, went electric, and changed music and the music business forever. With closer access than any other photographer, Daniel Kramer caught it all.



“He is continually compelling, inspiring, and wonderfully infuriating: the young man who can’t sit still for a portrait, the man who wants to do what feels right for him—not what is expected of him.” O’Henry’s Cafe, Greenwich Village, New York City, April 1965.

Bob’s big bang

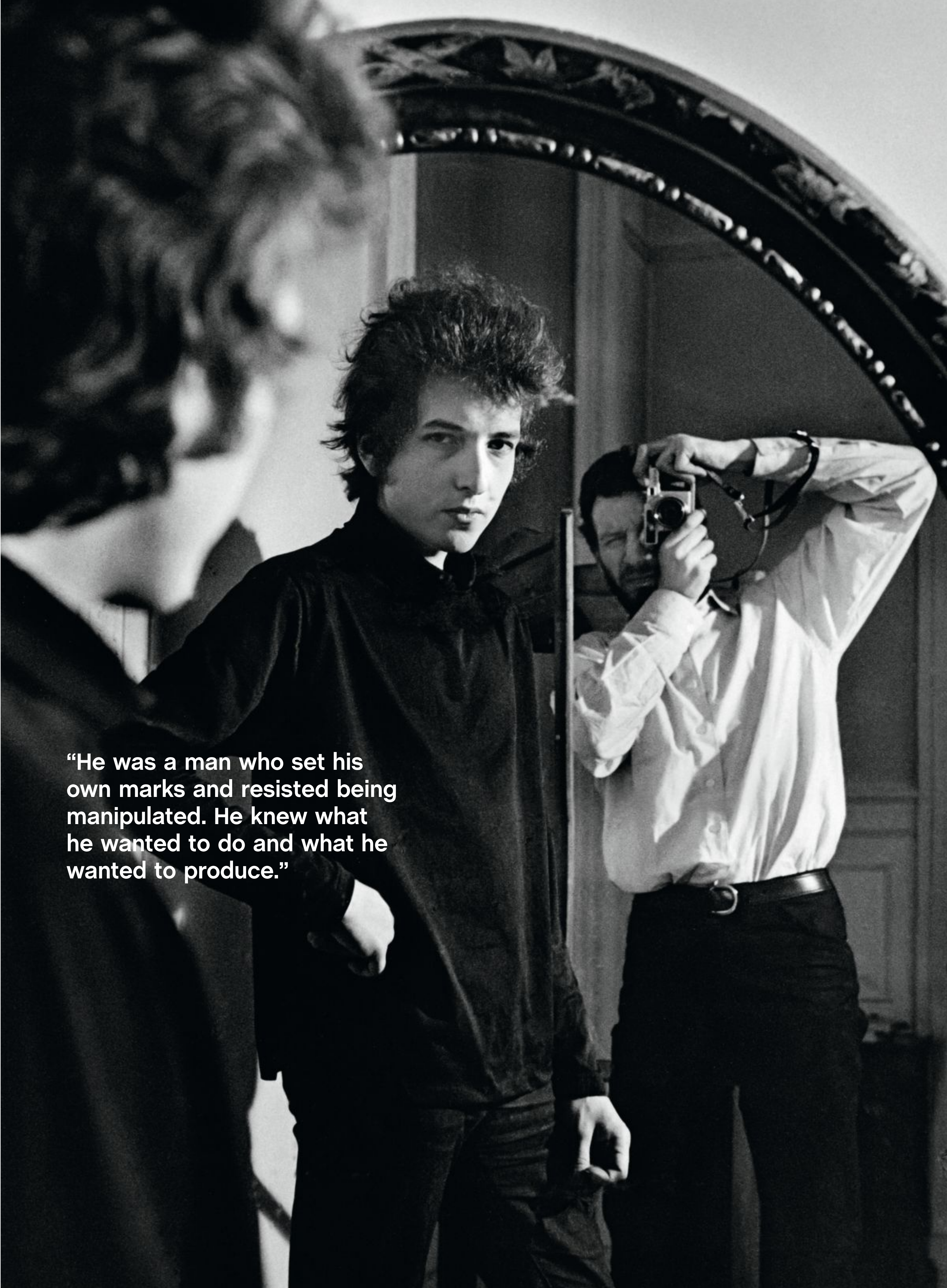
By Daniel Kramer

When photographer Daniel Kramer first met Bob Dylan, the 23-year-old singer was still widely unknown. He fidgeted in front of the camera, restless and uncomfortable. Yet over the course of a year and a day, all of that would change. From performing with Joan Baez to the legendary leap to electric sound, Kramer watched a quiet kid hanging out in Woodstock transform into the poet laureate of a generation.
From 1964 to 1965, Kramer’s extraordinary access to Dylan on tour, in concert, and backstage, allowed for one of the most mesmerizing portfolios of any recording artist and a stunning document of Dylan on the cusp of superstardom.

It all began in February 1964, when I happened to see a young performer on the popular Steve Allen variety TV show. That’s how this story begins. That’s when I saw Bob Dylan for the first time. Alone under a spotlight with only his guitar, Bob Dylan’s sound and forceful approach to his music immediately got my attention—then I heard his lyrics! He was singing about the corruption of justice: the wanton slaying of an aging hotel barmaid by a wealthy and influential guest at a Baltimore dinner party. A newspaper account of the woman’s murder was the truelife inspiration for “The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll,” which concludes by describing the woefully inadequate punishment for this public murder—a six-month sentence. Six months! It was poetry, poetry as good as any I had ever read, and I thought he was very brave to be saying such things on a widely seen popular mainstream TV show. From time to time, Dylan added to the overall effect by leaving his lyric and playing the harmonica he wore in a wire holder around his neck. The music, the harmonica, and the guitar playing were strong and emphasized urgency and enabled me to feel the tragedy more (completely) deeply. He got me, although hearing his voice would have been enough to do that. It was the kind of sound I always liked. It reminded me of a voice from the hills. It was an old voice, it seemed craggy and weather-beaten, like a voice that had been left out in the rain and rusted. I attributed veracity to this voice, but what I didn’t know then is that Mr. Dylan is a singer of many voices. Later, after seeing Bob Dylan on the TV, I was still aware of his tapping on my shoulder. I was taken by what this man had done and how he had done it. With simple, basic tools he drove his message home, and certainly what he was saying about the corruption of justice was courageous. I sensed an important talent and thought that I should photograph him.
I tracked down the name of Bob Dylan’s management company and made a phone call. Naturally I was told Mr. Dylan was not available. And so it went. I would call and they would say no. Eventually they asked me to put my request in writing—I did and it did me no good. After months of calling I happened, one day, to call after business hours, and, as luck would have it, Albert Grossman, Bob Dylan’s manager, picked up the phone. By this time he knew why I was calling. Still, once again, I quickly explained that I wanted just one hour for a portrait



Left: “In the one year in which I photographed him, Dylan’s music and appearance changed radically.” Paul Sargent Men’s Store, Greenwich Village, April 1965.
Opposite: “At that time most of my work was based on creating a picture, a portrait with a particular lighting or set to tell a story. It was usually something I controlled. Now, with Dylan, it was catch-me-if-you-can.” Daniel Kramer’s Studio, New York City, January 1965.



“He was a man who set his own marks and resisted being manipulated. He knew what he wanted to do and what he wanted to produce.”



“I wanted my statement to say that Bob Dylan was less a folksinger and more a prince of music.”

session with his client and convinced him that I was a reasonable, completely sane, published, professional photographer. I was caught by surprise when his almost immediate answer was, "Okay, come up to Woodstock next Thursday. You can have an hour—call my secretary for details." Just like that . . . just like that! The day I met Bob Dylan started with a two-hour drive to Woodstock, New York. Just beyond the town, set off from the public road by an unmarked driveway, and concealed from view by an expanse of grounds covered with trees and heavy foliage, was the home of Albert Grossman. A sign posted on a tree along the driveway read: "IF YOU HAVE NOT TELEPHONED, YOU ARE TRESPASSING." Here Dylan spent a good deal of his time when he was not on the road or in the city. More than a hideout, the large house was a peaceful retreat. There was a pool behind the house, and two smaller buildings were used as a garage and guesthouse. Everything was bright and still. Dylan was not there when I arrived, and I passed the time waiting at the pool. Then, the roar of a motorcycle in the driveway broke the quiet. It disappeared into the garage, and moments later a thin, gangly young man dressed in jeans, boots, and a rumpled work shirt walked toward me.



Opposite: "Dylan is constantly looking for new things and new ideas, and when he finds them, he bends them into a shape that is uniquely his own." Albert Grossman's House, Woodstock, New York, August 27, 1964.
Right: "Dylan made it clear that he wanted the pictures to come from the things he did, and not from things we would arrange for him to do." Bernard's Cafe Espresso, Woodstock, New York, August 27, 1964.
Below: "The day I first met Bob started with a two-hour drive to Woodstock, to the home of his manager Albert Grossman. I found him sitting in the kitchen reading a newspaper. He turned the pages of the paper and never acknowledged my presence." Woodstock, New York, August 27, 1964.

Ringlets of hair protruded from under his motorcycle rider's cap. His pale complexion and slight frame made him appear younger than his 23 years. As we greeted each other, we shook hands, and I was surprised at how gentle his handshake was (yet he was so strong when he performed). I've since decided it was his way of being polite and not giving me too much on our first meeting. Knowing him now, he was probably being cautious. We talked about what I wanted to do, and I told him I wanted to



make a portrait and that it would not take too long. He invited me to do what I needed to do to get some pictures and disappeared into the house. I followed and found him sitting at a dining booth in the kitchen reading a newspaper. He turned the pages of the paper and never acknowledged my presence. This set the pace. Apparently he was not going to do anything, especially for my camera. It was not that he wasn't cooperating. Actually, he was being reasonably available and in a short while he accepted that I would photograph and select my own pictures as long as they derived from what was happening.

I thought that after a few sessions it would be over. I didn't know that my association with him would become a long one. I didn't know that I would photograph him many times for more than a year—that I would have the opportunity to document many facets of his professional life and to produce three important album covers, and so much more.

In the one year in which I photographed him, his music and his appearance changed radically. The single performer with his guitar and harmonica was now the leader of a band, requiring truckloads of equipment (as at his now famous Forest Hills concert in 1965). He also went electric—not at the Newport Folk Festival, and not at Forest Hills, but, as far as I'm concerned, in January 1965 at Columbia Records Studio A in New York City when he recorded *Bringing It All Back Home*. One side of the record was acoustic, the other side featured Bob on an electric guitar with a band. The record was released on March 22, 1965, and in late July of that year, with the release of *Like a Rolling Stone*, six-minutes-plus of brooding lyrical verse dropped in a sea of three-minute love songs, he changed the way singles could and would be played on the radio.

Everything with Bob got bigger. At the outset I had no idea that the pictures would include, among others, Joan Baez, Allen Ginsberg, Peter Yarrow, Odetta, Johnny Cash, Les Crane, and Albert and Sally Grossman. Or that after the now-legendary Forest Hills concert I would hide Bob under a blanket in a blue Ford station wagon, concealing him from an exuberant crowd in hot pursuit, while his road manager Victor Maymudes inched the car through the crowd. All in all there were about 30 photo sessions, starting with Woodstock, usually with little advance notice. Although I

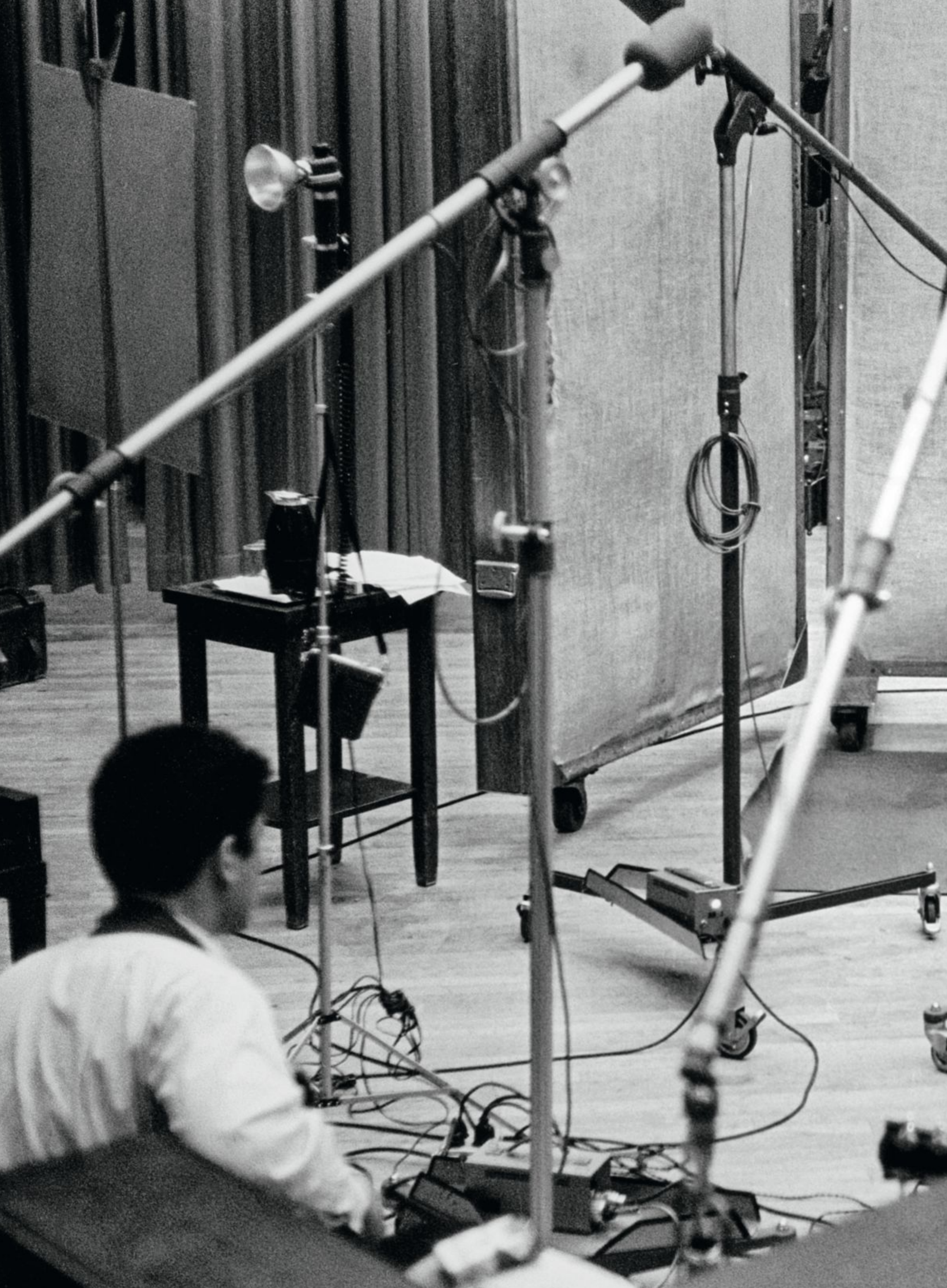
Opposite: "Bob was working on a book—later called *Tarantula*—and wanted to shoot a cover for it. He liked the idea of shooting in front of an old shack, and in no time at all we couldn't resist dragging out some of the stuff inside as props. Although the picture has done well for itself, it did not run on *Tarantula*." Woodstock, March 14, 1965.
Overleaf: "It was obvious from the very beginning of the sessions for *Bringing It All Back Home*. that something exciting was happening. At the next-to-last session, Dylan recorded *Tambourine Man*, *It's Alright, Ma*, and *Gates of Eden* one after the other, without hearing a playback." Columbia Records, Studio A, New York City, January 13–15, 1965.

Above: "The *Bringing It All Back Home* album-cover picture probably elicits more questions than any photograph I made. After hearing the music at the sessions, I realized that I needed to make a photographic statement that would herald the newly reinvented Bob Dylan. Albert Grossman's House, Woodstock, January 1965.
Right: "The traveling, the inconveniences, the waiting, the time spent and energy involved had one main objective: the concert. It created a feeling of urgency, as if to say there's hardly enough time to get it all out." On the way to a performance at Town Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1964.



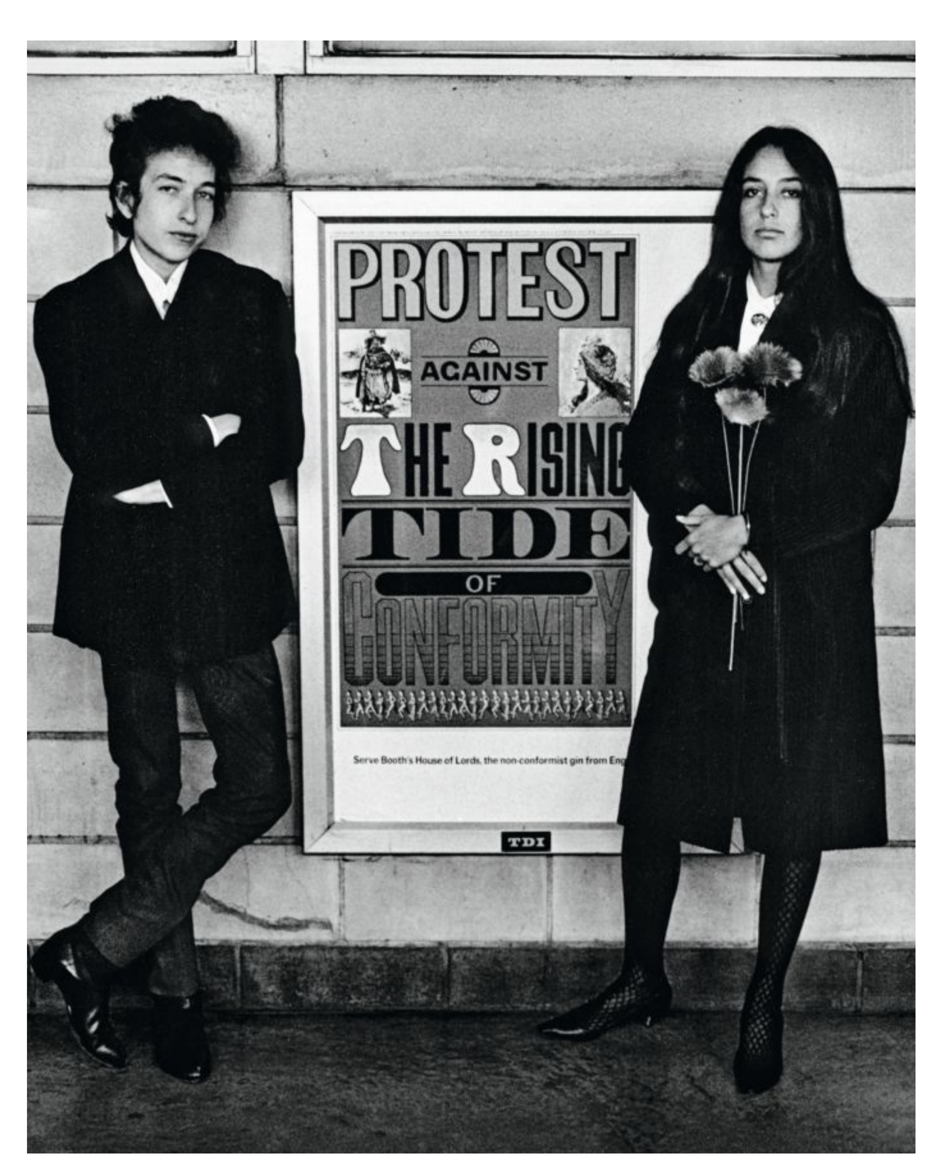


JUGS
BE TRUE TO ME
ALWAYS!!
American Needlework
Religious



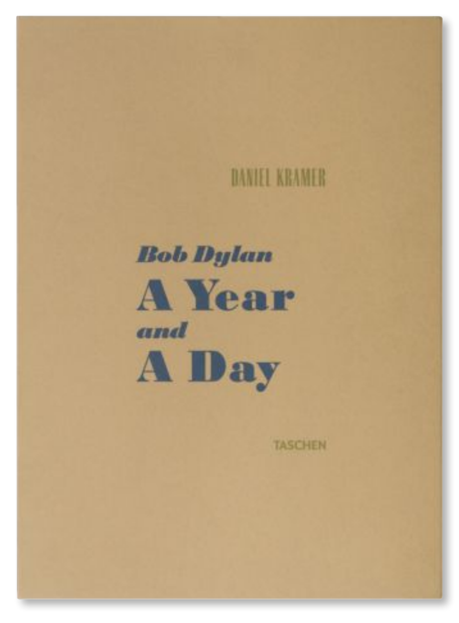




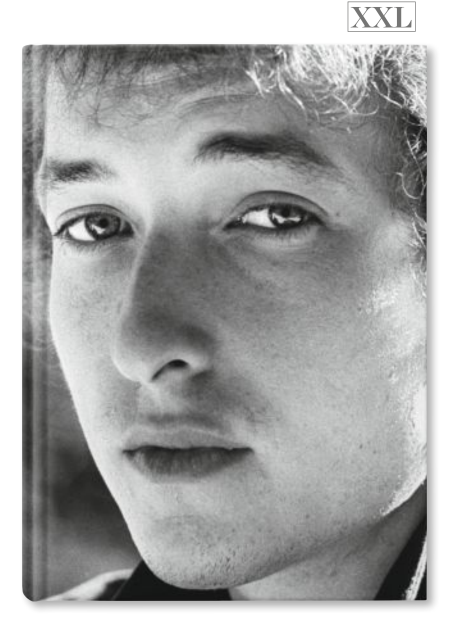


attended many Dylan concerts, and heard many of the songs again and again, the commitment with which he performed always gave them a new life. Sometimes I felt I was hearing and seeing a brand-new Bob Dylan. I was also seeing a brand-new me, for I had to remake myself from a mostly studio photographer to an I-can-shoot-anything-anywhere photographer who could make camera settings and change film in darkened theaters. I was shooting with 35mm cameras at a time when automation was rare. No autofocus, no motor advance, and, more important, no auto exposure. And one other small matter: I had to learn to shoot when the sound of the music or Bob's voice would cover the click of the shutter and not when there was a breath or a space in Bob's phrasing. The camera shutter was like a hammer blow in a quiet theater or recording studio designed to amplify and carry every sound. I was fortunate to be shooting during this special "big bang" year when Bob Dylan made two of his greatest albums, when he changed music and the music business, and when he went from a young man ready to go to someone who went all the way and then some.

Left: "Joan gave Bob credibility, because she was the queen." Newark Airport, New Jersey, November 11, 1964.
Opposite: "Although I attended many Dylan concerts, and heard many of the songs again and again, the commitment with which he performed always gave them a new life." Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center, October 31, 1964



XXL




Intermission
You never turned around to see the frowns
on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people
get your kicks for you . . .
How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?
LIKE A ROLLING STONE





Can YOU pass

Lawrence Schiller's Sunset Boulevard strobe light studio shoot with Prankster Paul Foster (center), his cohorts, and members of the Grateful Dead for *Life* magazine's LSD cover story, published on March 25, 1966.



Tom Wolfe's generation-defining ride through 60s psychedelia, published in letterpress with ephemera from the acid era and photographs from Lawrence Schiller and Ted Streshinsky

the Acid Test?

In full freaking day-glo

Tom Wolfe rides the Merry Pranksters' crazed truck through San Francisco.



That's good thinking there, Cool Breeze. Cool Breeze is a kid with three or four days' beard sitting next to me on the stamped metal bottom of the open back part of a pickup truck. Bouncing along. Dipping and rising and rolling on these rotten springs like a boat. Out the back of the truck the city of San Francisco is bouncing down the hill, all those endless staggers of bay windows, slums with a view, bouncing and streaming down the hill. One after another, electric signs with neon martini glasses lit up on them, the San Francisco symbol of "bar"—thousands of neon-magenta martini glasses bouncing and streaming down the hill, and beneath them hundreds, thousands of people wheeling around to look at this freaking crazed truck we're in, their white faces erupting from their lapels like marshmallows—streaming and bouncing down the hill—and God knows they've got plenty to look at.

That's why it strikes me as funny when Cool Breeze says very seriously over the whole roar of the thing, "I don't know—when Kesey gets out I don't know if I can come around the Warehouse."

"Why not?"

"Well, like the cops are going to be coming around like all feisty, and I'm on probation, so I don't know."

Well, that's good thinking there, Cool Breeze. Don't rouse the bastids. Lie low—like right now. Right now Cool Breeze is so terrified of the law he is sitting up in plain view of thousands of already startled citizens wearing some kind of Seven Dwarfs Black Forest gnome's hat covered in feathers and fluorescent colors. Kneeling in the truck, facing us, also in plain view, is a half-Ottawa Indian girl named Lois Jennings, with her head thrown back and a radiant look on her face. Also a blazing silver disk in the middle of her forehead alternately exploding with light when the sun hits it or sending off rainbows from the diffraction lines in it. And, oh yeah, there's a long-barreled Colt .45 revolver in her hand, only nobody on the street can tell it's a cap pistol as she pegs away, kheeew, kheeew, at the erupting marshmallow faces like Debra Paget in . . . in . . . —Kesey's coming out of jail! . . . And the truck heaves and billows, blazing silver red and Day-Glo, and I doubt seriously, Cool Breeze, that there is a single cop in all of San Francisco today who does not know that this crazed vehicle is a guerrilla patrol from the dread LSD.

"The cops know the whole scene, even the costumes, the jesuschrist strung-out hair, Indian beads, Indian headbands, temple bells, amulets, mandalas, god's-eyes, fluorescent vests, unicorn horns."

The cops now know the whole scene, even the costumes, the jesuschrist strung-out



Above: Tom Wolfe with Jerry Garcia and Grateful Dead manager Rock Scully, at the corner of Haight and Ashbury. San Francisco, 1966. Photo by Ted Streshinsky.
Right: Ted Streshinsky teamed up with Tom Wolfe for the 1967 *New York Herald Tribune* magazine story on Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters that inspired *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Acid Test Graduation, San Francisco, California, 1966. Photo by Ted Streshinksy.
Opposite: Ken Kesey jail journals, 1967.



SUNDAY
VISITING DAY
Ed McClannahan brings me up some NOTEBOOKS and pens, PLUS Gordon comes to visit but is turned away, not being on my list but as he leaves he gives a small bottle of yellow paint to the dude working the parking lot!
An all round day for getting ripped.
Good old Gordon comes along — risks his already stuck-out neck for his good buddie who got burned some goods
WHO
???????
WAS IT THAT SNATCHED THE CREAM
After VISITING IS OVER THIS DUDE TELLS ME OF THE TRANSACTION AND THAT HE PUT THE BOTTLE IN MY LOCKER. I don't like the sound of it some way and hustle the bottle down to the hobby shop, check, and beneath the yellow paint is about a lid of grass in a plastic bag. I stash it in the garbage for temporary but on the way back to the barracks run into the dude who copped it for me from ? He wants a couple joints for his trouble. I still don't like the sound of it but fair's fair so we go back to the garbage can in the Hobby shop and the paint bottle is gone! Hmm. All very wierd.
IN AS MY NOTEBOOKS WERE SUBJECT TO BE SCRUTINIZED AT ANY TIME A LOCKER CHECK MIGHT HAVE BEEN CALLED I KNEW I MUST KEEP CERTAIN NOTES A BIT VAGUE
Listen
CLOSE
Listen
TROUBLE
JAIL
CANDY BAR
JAIL JOY
WISHES
tho I get burn on the DOPE … I get to see FAMILY
AND ALL KINDS OF SOUND AND COLOR
WHICH I TAKE TO THE TAILOR SHOP. BUT ITS A LITTLE SLOW AT THE SHOP. ESPECIALLY WITH ALL THE ACTION UP AT THE BARRACKS.
A MAN DON'T HANG AROUND THE OFFICE ON SUNDAY; HE GOES HOME.
OR TO FACSIMILE THEREOF

hair, Indian beads, Indian headbands, donkey beads, temple bells, amulets, mandalas, god's-eyes, fluorescent vests, unicorn horns, Errol Flynn dueling shirts—but they still don't know about the shoes. The heads have a thing about shoes. The worst are shiny black shoes with shoelaces in them. The hierarchy ascends from there, although practically all lowcut shoes are unhip, from there on up to the boots the heads like, light, fanciful boots, English boots of the mod variety, if that is all they can get, but better something like hand-tooled Mexican boots with Caliente Dude Triple A toes on them. So see the FBI—black—shiny—laced up—FBI shoes—when the FBI finally grabbed Kesey—There is another girl in the back of the truck, a dark little girl with thick black hair, called Black Maria. She looks Mexican, but she says to me in straight soft Californian:

"When is your birthday?"

"March 2."

"The thing was a mind-blower . . . a fiesta of love and euphoria."



"Pisces," she says. And then: "I would never take you for a Pisces."

"Why?"

"You seem too . . . solid for a Pisces."

But I know she means stolid. I am beginning to feel stolid. Back in New York City, Black Maria, I tell you, I am even known as something of a dude. But somehow a blue silk blazer and a big tie with clowns on it and . . . a . . . pair of shiny lowcut black shoes don't set them all to doing the Varsity Rag in the head world in San Francisco. . . .

Meantime, miraculously, Kesey's three young lawyers, Pat Hallinan, Brian Rohan, and Paul Robertson, were about to get Kesey out on bail. They assured the judges, in San Mateo and San Francisco, that Mr. Kesey had a very public-spirited project in mind. He had returned from exile for the express purpose of calling a huge meeting of heads and hippies at Winterland Arena in San Francisco in order to tell The Youth to stop taking LSD because it was dangerous and might french fry their brains, etc. It was going to be an "acid graduation" ceremony. They should go "beyond acid." . . . At the same time, six of Kesey's close friends in the Palo Alto area had put their homes up as security for a total of $35,000 bail with the San Mateo County court. I suppose the courts figured they had Kesey either way. If he jumped bail now, it would be such a dirty trick on his friends, costing them their homes, that Kesey would be discredited as a drug apostle or anything else. If he didn't, he would be obliged to give his talk to The Youth—and so much the better. In any case, Kesey was coming out.

This script was not very popular in Haight-Ashbury, however. I soon found out that the head life in San Francisco was already such a big thing that Kesey's return and his acid graduation plan were causing the heads' first big political crisis. All eyes were on Kesey and his group, known as the Merry Pranksters.

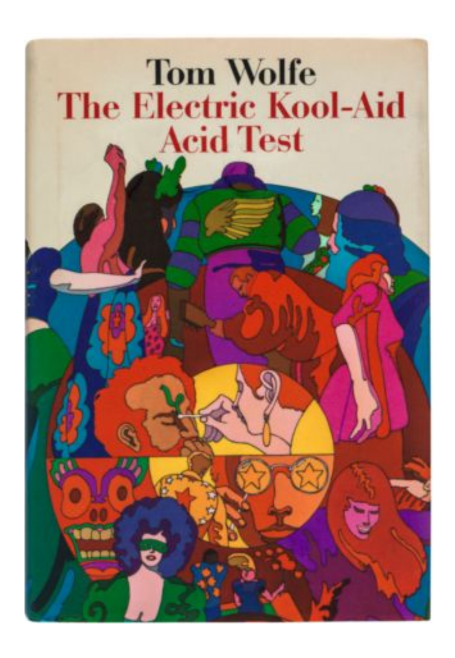
Left: Acid Test handbill, ca. 1966.
Above: Ken Kesey's Acid Test membership card. ca. 1965.
Right: The first national photojournalist to capture the American acid scene from the inside, Lawrence Schiller began with a single contact in Berkeley, California, and built a large network of young, receptive subjects who allowed him to document their experiences with LSD in the privacy of their homes. Hollywood, 1966.

one, even Kesey—and now all of a sudden here he is, in the hands of the FBI and other supercops, the biggest name in The Life, Kesey, announcing that it is time to "graduate from acid." And what the hell is this, a copout or what? The Stop Kesey movement was beginning even within the hip world.

We pull up to the Warehouse in the crazed truck and—well, for a start, I begin to see that people like Lois and Stewart and Black Maria are the restrained, reflective wing of the Merry Pranksters. The Warehouse is on Harriet Street, between Howard and Folsom. Like most of San Francisco, Harriet Street is a lot of wooden buildings with bay windows all painted white. But Harriet Street is in San Francisco's Skid Row area, and despite all the paint, it looks like about forty winos crawled off in the shadows and died and turned black and bloated and exploded, sending forth a stream of spirochetes that got into every board, every strip, every crack, every splinter, every flecking flake of paint. The Warehouse actually turns out to be the ground-floor garage of an abandoned hotel. Its last commercial use was as a pie factory. . . .

I make out a school bus . . . glowing orange, green, magenta, lavender, chlorine blue, every fluorescent pastel imaginable in thousands of designs, both large and small, like a cross between Fernand Léger and Dr. Strange, roaring together and vibrating off each other as if somebody had given Hieronymus Bosch fifty buckets of Day-Glo paint and a 1939 International Harvester school bus and told him to go to it. On the floor by the bus is a 15-foot banner reading ACID TEST GRADUATION.

Thousands of kids were moving into San Francisco for a life based on LSD and the psychedelic thing. Thing was the major abstract word in Haight-Ashbury. It could mean anything, isms, life styles, habits, leanings, causes, sexual organs; thing and freak; freak referred to styles and obsessions, as in "Stewart Brand is an Indian freak" or "the zodiac—that's her freak," or just to heads in costume. It wasn't a negative word. Anyway, just a couple of weeks before, the heads had held their first big "be-in" in Golden Gate Park, at the foot of the hill leading up into Haight-Ashbury, in mock observance of the day LSD became illegal in California. This was a gathering of all the tribes, all the communal groups. All the freaks came and did their thing. A head named Michael Bowen started it, and thousands of them piled in, in high costume, ringing bells, chanting, dancing ecstatically, blowing their minds one way and another and making their favorite satiric gestures to the cops, handing them flowers, burying the bastids in tender fruity petals of love. Oh christ, Tom, the thing was fantastic, a freaking mind-blower, thousands of high-loving heads out there messing up the minds of the cops and everybody else in a fiesta of love and euphoria. Even Kesey, who was still on the run then, had brazened on in and mingled with the crowd for a while, and they were all



Above: The multicolored Merry Pranksters' bus "Further" gleams in front of the Harriet Street warehouse after a thorough repainting before the Acid Test Graduation. San Francisco, 1966. Photo by Ted Streshinsky.
Right: The first edition of Tom Wolfe's 1968 book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* with artwork by Milton Glaser.
Opposite: The Acid Test Graduation, Halloween night, 1966, held at the Merry Pranksters' warehouse/headquarters on Harriet Street in San Francisco's Skid Row area. All eyes are on Ken Kesey (spotlight shining on his bare back) as he pulls off his biggest prank of all: graduating from acid. Photo by Ted Streshinsky.





A user moves with his own shadow until he collapses. The Hollywood Acid Test, February 25, 1966. Photo by Lawrence Schiller.

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test

Letterpress Collector's Edition of 1,968 numbered copies, each signed by Tom Wolfe.

- Silkscreened hardcover with an embossed paper case
- The text is letterpress printed, including four neon colors, on a natural uncoated paper
- Facsimile reproductions of Tom Wolfe's manuscript pages and ephemera from the acid era
- Principal photography by Lawrence Schiller and Ted Streshinsky
- Format 24 x 34 cm (9.4 x 13.4 in.), 360 pp.

TASCHEN's literary books take great works of nonfiction and pair them with photography from the golden age of photojournalism.
Other titles in the collection include *Frank Sinatra Has a Cold* by Gay Talese, and (upcoming) *The Right Stuff* by Tom Wolfe and *The Fire Next Time* by James Baldwin.

ART EDITION

With print signed and numbered by Lawrence Schiller, 22.9 x 33 cm (9 x 13 in.).

NO. 1–100

Gelatin silver print *Me and My Shadow, 1966* (opposite)

NO. 101–200

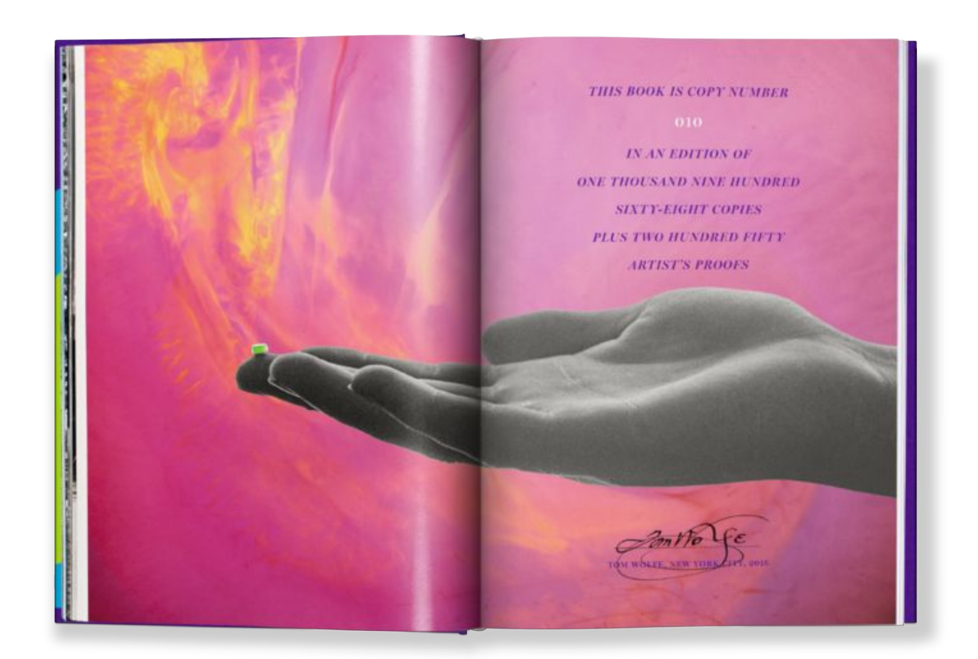
C-print *Hollywood Acid Test, 1966* (right)

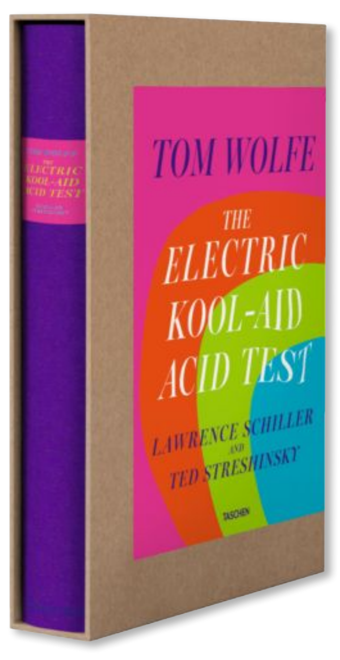
$ 950 / € 850 / £ 700 each



COLLECTOR'S EDITION
NO. 201–1,968

$ 350 / € 300 / £ 250







Like a Bad Girls Should
by Akif Hakan Celebi.



MEN LOVE GIRLS WHO LOVE GIRLS

Dian Hanson presents 125 years of faux lesbian fantasy photography.

I KISSED A GIRL (AND HE LIKED IT)

By Dian Hanson

In New York, in 1980, all women were bisexual. Every sex club admitted women for free, or for some nominal fee—and single men not at all—to facilitate threesomes between all the presumably bisexual women and swinger couples. It was all so modern, so damn cool, even if bisexual men were banned at these same clubs.

But every so often the smooth veneer of sexual sophistication cracked. I remember the gasps, the social gaff, when porn star Seka refused sex with another woman at Plato's Retreat. "She's just not in the mood," her embarrassed husband insisted, but "No," said Seka, "I'm not into women. I only do that on camera." We were speechless, and secretly delighted, that someone of her sexual status would dare to say what many of us felt. Because, basically, most of us there were just doing other women for the universally understood, if unacknowledged, reason that it drove men berserk.

> **"For '70s straight girls bi-curiosity meant power and adventure, sticking it to The Man, and to disapproving men."**

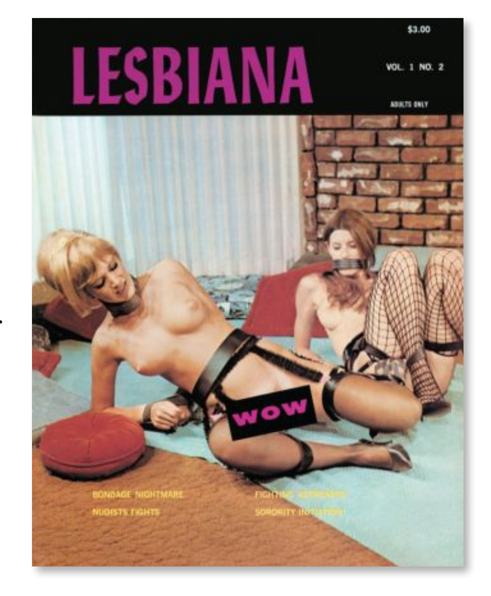
We figured this out in the 1970s, when sex-positive feminists championed our right to orgasm, and lesbian feminists posited chicks doing chicks as a sisterly imperative.

For '70s straight girls bi-curiosity meant power and adventure, sticking it to The Man, and to disapproving men. Except many men didn't disapprove at all of such experimentation, especially if it meant your girlfriend bringing home another essentially straight girl for some radical vaginal bonding. Other men, often older, and firmly invested in female servitude to the mighty phallus, found the bi rebellion more alarming. Norman Mailer was so incensed by Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*, published in 1969, that he wrote *The Prisoner of Sex* in rebuttal. An issue-filling excerpt was published in *Harper's* magazine, March 1971, and a month later Shirley Broughton's Theater For Ideas arranged a showdown between the proud sexist pig and four top feminists. All knew it'd be a brawl, but what got the headlines was not the hostile repartee but the lesbian canoodling. As *Playboy* reported:

"Immediately after Jill Johnston delivered a witty, free-form paean to her sexual preferences ('All women are lesbians except those who don't know it yet . . .'), a female friend leaped onstage. Jill and friend embraced, were joined by a third sister of Sappho, and all three laid loving hands on one another as they rolled about the floor . . .

"Mailer, in a climax of misunderstanding, snapped, 'Come on, Jill, be a lady!' Jill by then was barely visible beneath the bodies of her friends."

It's fair conjecture that *Playboy*, struggling to formulate a position on women's lib in 1971, would not have devoted half a page to Town Bloody Hall, as it came to be called, if not for the titillation of girl/girl action. Ms. Johnston, at 42, was neither young nor especially hot, but she was making out with two other women in public, and men—if not Mailer—just had to dig it.





Above: *Lesbiana* magazine, 1968, combined bi-curiosity and bondage.
Left: Unknown models, ca. 1960.
Opposite: Bettie Page triumphantly straddles her vanquished opponent in a wrestling match for Irving Klaw, ca. 1955.





I was 19 in 1971, naive and freshly married to a man who found the whole lesbian thing so compelling he got me to butch up my hair and wardrobe in hopes of bisexual adventure. I wasn't alone. All around me were women similarly nudged and prodded towards pussy, first by feminism, then by husbands, boyfriends, the emerging porn industry, and even the research community, that began regularly reporting bisexuality as the natural female state.

And we were all about natural back then. Even if we didn't all feel the same tingle kissing a woman as when kissing a man, neither did we find it repellant the way men claimed to feel about contact with a guy. It was, perhaps, this melodramatic fuss, the gagging, retching denials that they could ever respond to a "hairy ass," that made us accept men's claims of our innate nature. Girls didn't make us gag, and since a third of women weren't reaching orgasm with anyone—a sad constant through the decades—many thought not gagging was good enough. And it made men so happy! So happy, and so excited, that they could be manipulated into doing almost anything just to watch.

Which is a power begging for abuse.

"All around me were women nudged towards pussy, first by feminism, then by husbands, boyfriends, and the emerging porn industry."

The '70s were when sexploitation became porn, and when porn performers became porn stars. Liberated women learned there was money to be made from men's voyeuristic tendencies, and the easiest money of all came from girl/girl scenes, a staple of every '70s porn film from *Deep Throat* to *Debby Does Dallas*. Some performers never went further, and built successful careers on the lesbian tease.

"Career" was the catchword of the early '80s, when '70s fun was turned into cash. Porn salaries climbed, but so did expenses, with performers expected to meet new, often surgically enhanced, appearance standards. New York City swing parties became $50-at-the-door swing clubs. There were S&M clubs too, offering well-equipped dungeons for a well-padded entrance fee. With sex so easy, if not free, venues competed for variety and extremity. Celebrity sightings were good for business, as were specialty acts, like the amputee stump-fucker at the Hellfire Club down in the Meatpacking District, back when the streets still ran with tallow. Given the casual, nightly debauchery it was understandably shocking when Seka (remember Seka?) refused a simple garden-variety bout of mutual cunnilingus. It was like saying you didn't do poppers, or "No, thanks, no cocaine for me!" In 1973 it would have been a slap in the face of



the sisterhood, but in 1980, in retrospect, it was a bold blow to the patriarchy.
Because that is what quickly happened to liberated lesbian experimentation: The guys took over. They couldn't help themselves; women were finally delivering the ultimate fantasy and who could trust them to keep it on track? Encouragement turned to pressure, and appreciation to expectation. Porn went from playful and amateur to formulaic and professional. Feminists stopped the circle jerks and started picketing porn, then around 1984 AIDS piled on. After that, young men died, sex clubs closed, swingers went home to Jersey, the stump-fucker capped his lube and girls went back to kissing guys. The late '80s just kind of sucked, but all things pass.
Spring break as we know it, wherein college students invade a resort town to drink, puke, randomly hook up, get stupid tattoos, and pass out in public, began in 1960, with *Where The Boys Are*, a film about college girls vacationing in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The spring following the film's release over 50,000 kids converged on Lauderdale; by 1980 200,000 showed up. Then the sucking, killjoy mid-'80s came and the city raised the drinking age, limited party size, and dispersed the hordes to South Padre Island, Texas; Panama City, Florida; and Cancun, Mexico. In these safe havens spring breakers evolved unmolested—except by each other—forming their own arcane customs and rituals: the Jell-O shot, beer pong and keg stand, tramp stamp, wet T-shirt and bikini contests, mass breast-flashing and, sometime in the early '90s, competition lesbianism. The game evolved naturally, with two attention-hungry girls kissing; two others raising it to breast fondling; two more writhing in mock coitus, with the action escalating as long as the boys howled approval.

"Spring breakers evolved their own customs and rituals: the Jell-O shot, tramp stamp, mass breast-flashing and, sometime in the early '90s, competition lesbianism."

The sport remained amateur until 1997, when entrepreneur Joe Francis bought some video of girls exposing their breasts and making out during spring break. *Girls Gone Wild* was born, ushering in a joyous return to sexual exhibitionism powered by booze. The videos, flogged on TV infomercials, made more than $20 million their first two years. Of course, as will happen with fortunes built on indiscretion, it went bad eventually, with multiple lawsuits, both civil and criminal, resulting in serious fines and prison time for Francis

"In 2011, researchers at Boise State University declared that women are bisexual by nature."

(legal tip: do not suggest your jurors "should be euthanized"), but leaving 13 glorious years of bisexual hi-jinx to treasure.
Which brings us to 2010, a very fine decade for girls getting jiggy. Consider: In 2011 researchers at Boise State University—that's the Boise in Idaho, one of 12 states still banning sodomy—declared, as in the '70s, that women are bisexual by nature. A full 60% of the 484 subjects said they were sexually attracted to women as well as men, and 45% had kissed a girl. Psychology professor Elizabeth Morgan said, "Women are encouraged to bond emotionally. This could lead to the development of romantic feelings."
And apparently has for a growing number of celebrities. In the last decade Christina Aguilera, Azealia Banks, Drew Barrymore,



Opposite, top: Becky and Iris by John Emrys.
Opposite, bottom: Violet Blue and Barby Dare by Ed Fox, 1990s.
Above: Unknown, 1970s.
Right: A film poster for *House of Women*, 1962. Women in prison always equalled lesbian thrills in 1960s Hollywood.



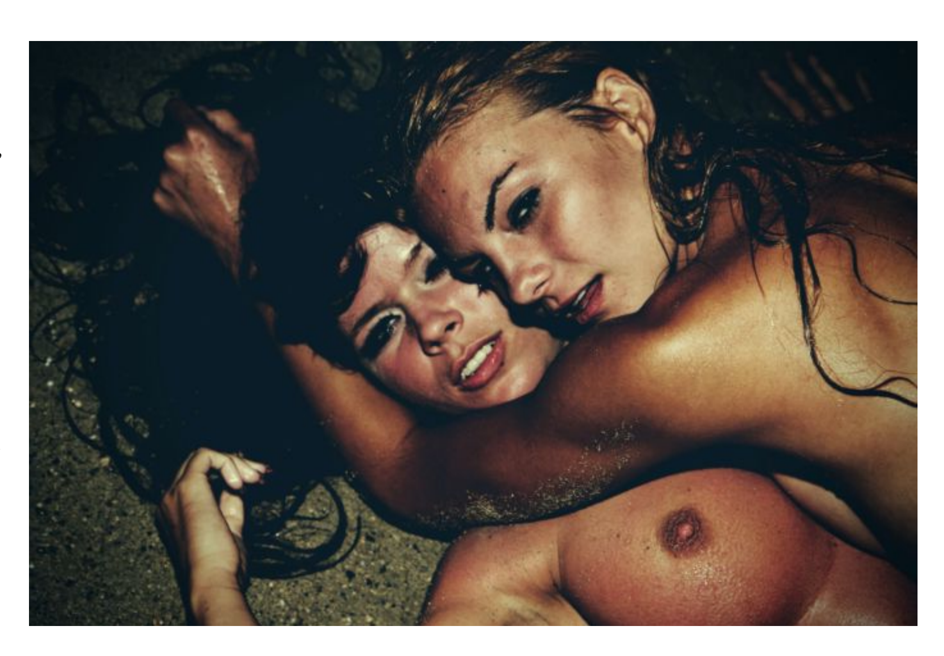
Cara Delevingne, Cameron Diaz, Fergie, Megan Fox, Lady Gaga, Amber Heard, Angelina Jolie, Miranda Kerr, Kesha, Bai Ling, Lindsey Lohan, Madonna, Demi Moore, Anna Paquin, Michelle Rodriguez, Amber Rose, Evan Rachel Wood, and even *Jersey Shore*'s Snooki and JWoww have proudly announced their bisexuality.

The television industry's response has been numerous opportunities for bisexual expression. *The L Word*, 2004 to 2009, featured an uncommonly attractive group of girlfriends, inspiring *The Real L Word: Los Angeles* in 2010, about an equally attractive group of real lesbians. That same year, from Canada, came *Lost Girl*, about a bisexual teenage succubus programmed to feed off human lust. Not to be outdone, England's Channel 4 launched *Bi-Curious Me* in 2013, a reality series about three pretty young women exploring same-sex options. Currently in the US, top-rated series *The Good Wife*, *House of Lies*, and *Orange Is The New Black* all feature strong, pretty, empowered bisexual heroines, each borrowing a bit from that primetime bisexual pioneer, Olivia Wilde, who began as a teen bisexual on *The O.C.* in 2004, then moved on to play steamy, troubled bisexual Thirteen on the medical drama *House*. She may not have made a credible doctor, but what man doubted those love scenes?

Yes, TV's cooked up a rich stew of girl/girl action. Bisexual women are universally portrayed as sleek and pretty, smart and independent—basically, ideal role models for all impressionable young girls. Thanks to this skillful media manipulation women now embrace the bisexual paradigm with the zeal of the '70s, sans politics; the expertise of the '80s, without the swing clubs; and the abandon of the '90s, minus the hangover. A man hardly need type "hot bisexual" into his search engine now to find three-way fantasy fodder.

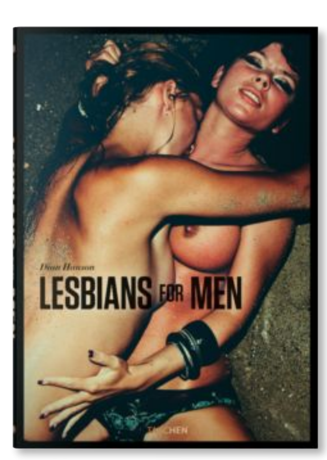
"Women now embrace the bisexual paradigm with the zeal of the '70s, sans politics; the expertise of the '80s, without the swing clubs; and the abandon of the '90s, minus the hangover."

Of course, the three-way itself is still largely out of reach, but keep your hopes alive: One never knows how far this thing can go, given the mass media push behind it. Just witness the trajectory of that ultimate media construct, Miley Cyrus: first photographed fake-kissing a girl at 14; in a probing tongue-kiss on *Britain's Got Talent* at 17; revealing her bisexuality to boyfriend Patrick Schwarzenegger at 21 (he described it as a "huge turn-on"); then announcing her bisexuality to the world at 22. Of course, once you've got that bi ball rolling the trick is making it stop on your number: Miley told *OUT* magazine, in May 2015, that she has to be "free to be everything," hinting that she has fluid gender identity, which is totally trending, but a bit beyond the average male fantasy. Still and all, you have to take the sour with the sweet, the pickle with the peach, in this mad old world, and if the price of a three-way means Miley with a strap-on, are you really going to turn it down?



Left: From the book *The Sixties* by Kishin Shinoyama.
Above: *Hotter Beach by Night* by Ján Hronský
Below: TASCHEN editors are renowned for their meticulous research. Dian Hanson, right, takes field notes at Plato's Retreat West, an outpost of New York-based Plato's Retreat operating briefly in Los Angeles in 1980. Women's heavyweight wrestling champion Queen Kong is at center.





Lesbians for Men
Dian Hanson
Hardcover, 21.2 x 30 cm (8.3 x 11.8 in.), 288 pp.
$ 49.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99



XL

Art for All. The Colour Woodcut in Vienna around 1900
Tobias G. Natter, Max Hollein, Klaus Albrecht Schröder
Hardcover, 24.6 x 37.2 cm (9.7 x 14.6 in.), 416 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99

Graphic glory

Vienna's color woodcut revolution.



Carl Anton Reichel
Female Nude, 1909,
Vienna, Albertina.



“Within an ‘Art for All’ movement, the color woodcut triggered a lively discussion on the accessibility of art beyond elite circles. This led to a democratisation and popularisation of the art trade, and to a societal legitimation of an art that encompasses all areas of life.”

—Max Hollein/Klaus Albrecht Schröder

RECLAIMING THE WOODCUT

Tobias G. Natter explores how craft met modernism in turn-of-the-century Vienna.

Compared to other turn-of-the-century movements, Vienna's Jugendstil was late to the modernist party. Art Nouveau and Stile Floreale were sweeping through France and Italy with floral flourish well before Austria's imperial capital embraced a spirit of artistic reform. But it was here, amid the domed grandeur of the Danube monarchy, that the principles of the Art



Nouveau reached a zenith like no other. With the founding of the Viennese Secession group and its motto "To every age its art. To art its freedom," the decade between 1900 and 1910 represents a golden age of artistic innovation and magnificence.

The Secession artists developed a new sensitivity for the beauty of the line. This included the expressive powers of calligraphy, an understanding of refinement, the emancipation of the ornamental, and, like never before, the fertile possibilities of the color woodcut. One of the oldest printing techniques known to man, the woodcut had reached an apex of intricacy under Lucas Cranach and Albrecht Dürer but subsequently receded into the background for almost 400 years before Paul Gaugin, Edvard Munch and, above all, German Expressionists, began to reclaim the medium. The resistant material, reduction of pictorial language, and the heightened impact of line and color allowed for a new kind of graphics perfectly suited to the modernist sensibility.

At the Vienna Secession headquarters, the group established a reputation as the very hub of woodcut development, both stylistically and in terms of artistic value.

Successive exhibitions highlighted graphic works, with the fifth Secessionist exhibition, held at the end of 1899 and beginning of 1900, describing the woodcut as "the direct and singularly intended expression of an artistic intention."

"Here, amid the domed grandeur of the Danube monarchy, Art Nouveau reached a zenith like no other."

The sixth Secession exhibition focused entirely on Japanese art, highlighting its simplified, reduced aesthetics and ability to combine truth to nature with an abstract language of forms. The catalogue was illustrated by sixteen woodcuts, of which seven were printed in black and nine in orange. Contemporaries spoke ambivalently of "coarse woodcuts" but it was this "coarse" effect which was precisely what made the woodcut so interesting. It was the unusual hardness of the wood which resulted in a new art of line.

From March until May 1904, a further exhibition devoted an entire room to contemporary Viennese woodcuts.

Just as important was the Secession group's magazine, *Ver Sacrum – Heiliger Frühling* (Sacred Spring), published in a total of six volumes between 1898 and 1903. During this period, Ver Sacrum published no less than 216 woodcuts, most of them in color. In an article published under the title: "Weshalb wir eine Zeitschrift herausgeben" (Why We Are Publishing a Magazine), the Secessionists had explained that they were integrated at least theoretically into a "Kunst-für-alle" movement. They wanted to address everyone, "without distinction of class or for-

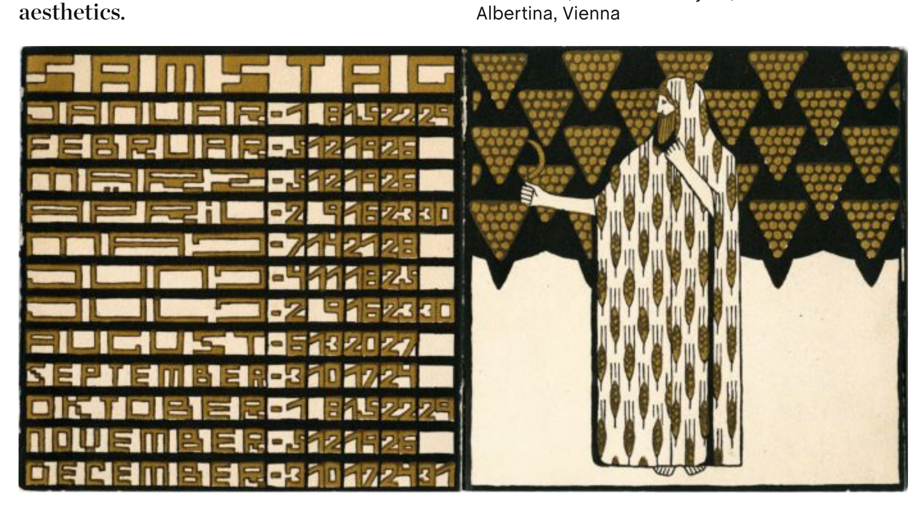


tune. We recognize no difference between 'high art' and the 'minor arts,' between art for the rich and art for the poor. Art is common property." The color woodcut allowed the group to square this circle between modern art, social justification, and general accessibility.

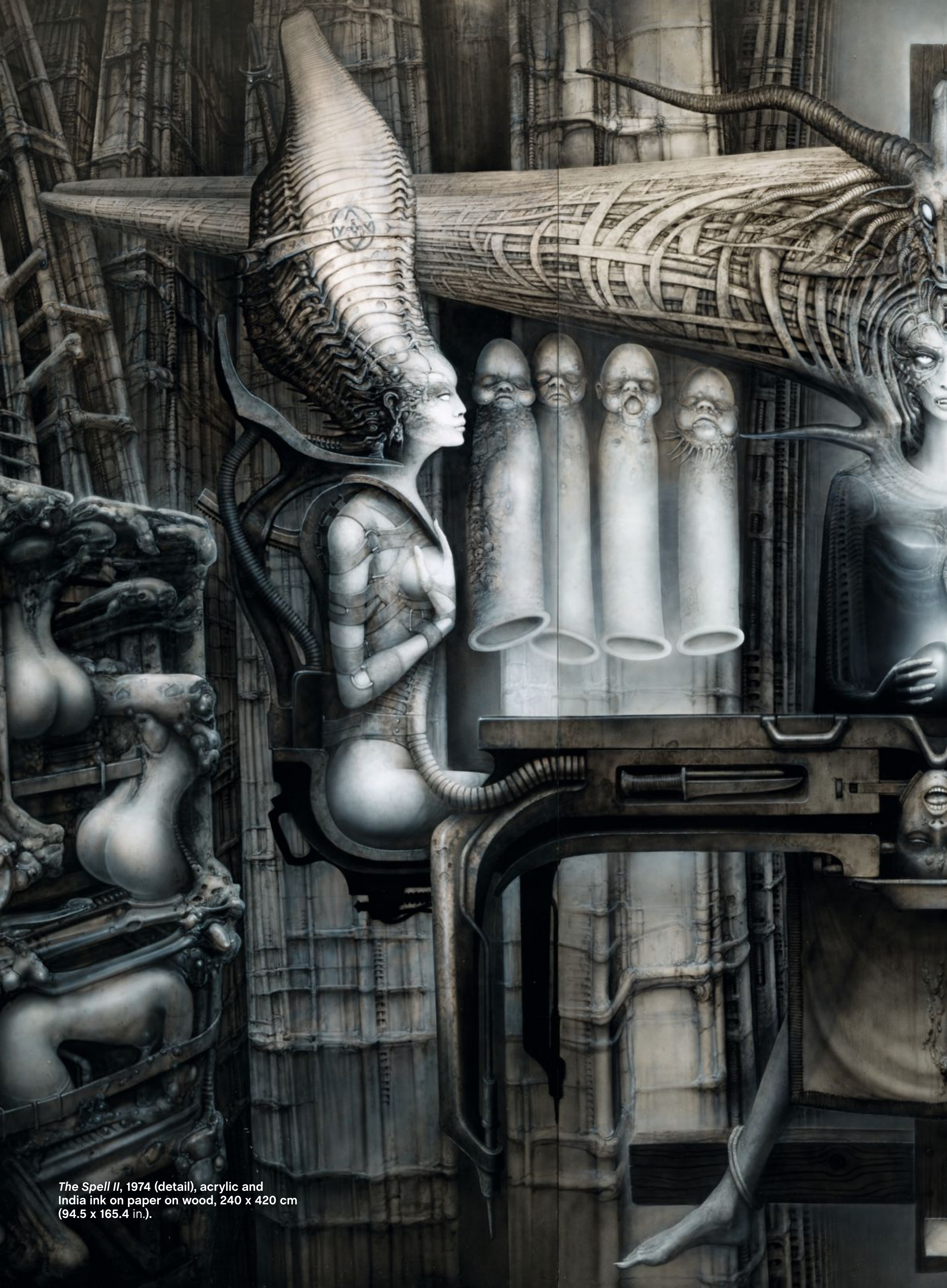
The Secessionists' common aims would, however, be subject to radical rupture in 1905, when, after persistent disputes, Klimt and his friends resigned their membership, losing not only the Secession building itself, but also the infrastructure required for the staging of further exhibitions. It took three years before the Klimt group were able to present themselves collectively once more, within the framework of the Wiener Kunstschau. By 1910, the thrilling catalogue of patterns, animals, figure studies, fantastical grotesques, and typographical treasures slowed to lethargic variations of what had been before. For all its brevity, this golden woodcut age nevertheless succeeded in its central concern: the creation of a two-dimensional art of lasting value. With its balance between contrasting pairs of fullness and emptiness, line and color, round and angular, near and far, reduction and refinement, color woodcut allowed for a new artistic self-awareness within an Art-for-All movement and one of the most intense and astonishing legacies in modern aesthetics.

Color Woodcuts in Vienna around 1900
July 07 – October 03, 2016
Schirn Kunsthalle, Frankfurt am Main

October 19, 2016 – January 22, 2017
Albertina, Vienna



Opposite, top: Nora Exner, *Dog*, 1902, Vienna, University of Applied Arts, Collection and Archive.
Opposite, bottom: Ludwig Heinrich Jungnickel, *Smoking Cricket*, 1910, Private Collection.
Above: Franz von Zülow, *Wallpaper for a nursery II*, ca. 1908, Vienna, MAK—Austrian Museum of Applied Arts/Contemporary Art.
Right: Ditha Moser, *Calendar for 1910 (Saturday)*, Vienna, MAK—Austrian Museum of Applied Arts/Contemporary Art.



The Spell II, 1974 (detail), acrylic and India ink on paper on wood, 240 x 420 cm (94.5 x 165.4 in.).



Giger glory

The opus magnum of HR Giger.

BEHOLD THE BIOMECHANICS

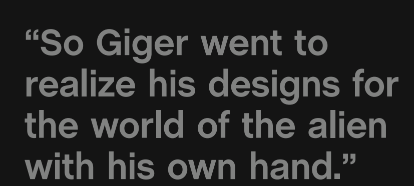
By Andreas J. Hirsch

In the spring of 1978, having just turned 38 years old, the Swiss artist HR Giger jotted these lines in his diary: “May 18, 1978. Work on the film is in full swing. The construction of the spaceship is almost finished. It looks good. Small models of the landscape and the entrance area of the spacecraft were made. The people who built these have no clue about my architecture. I said that they should get bones and build a model with plasticine . . .”

At that time, HR Giger was already a successful painter whose bleak visions in a style that he termed biomechanics were widely distributed: in the form of popular poster editions that appeared in the late 1960s; in the large-format illustrated book *Necronomicon*, which he designed himself; and on album covers such as Emerson, Lake & Palmer’s 1973 release *Brain Salad Surgery*. But the project he was now working on would make him both a worldwide cult figure and an Oscar winner. Director Ridley Scott had hired Giger to create the monster in the movie *Alien*. So the artist went to the Shepperton Film Studios near London to realize his designs for the world of the alien with his own hand.



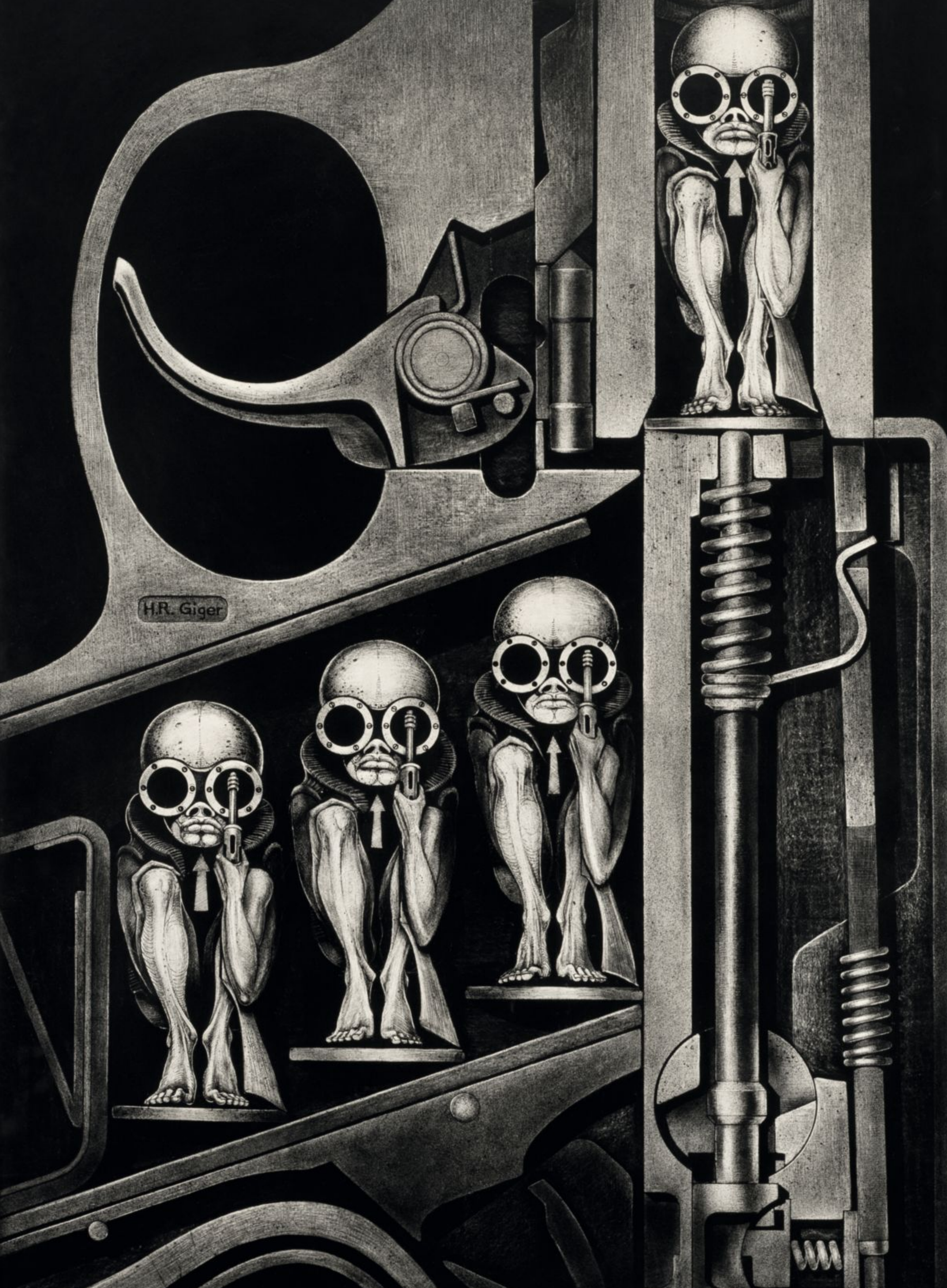
One painting had immediately convinced Scott to get Giger involved in shaping the alien creature: *Necronom IV* (1976). It shows in profile the upper body of a being with only remotely humanoid traits. Its skull is extremely elongated, and its face is almost exclusively reduced to bared teeth and huge insect-like eyes. Hoses extend from its neck and its back is dominated by tubular extensions and reptilian tails. The male sexual organ is significantly extended and curved upwards over the head. It opens out into a transparent bulge in which a skeletonized being is visible like a little saint resting in a glass coffin. Only the powerful arms are still close to the human form, although wires and



mechanical tracks are visible under their translucent skin and their material is less reminiscent of tissue than of the grain of medieval woodcarvings. The elegantly slender fingers contrast sharply with the creature’s merciless mien. Although there is no indication as to where the creature may be in space and time, it is still obvious that it cannot come from the world as we know it.

In order to turn this painted creature into a monster for a movie, the artist had to submit it to a complex transformation. Giger developed a complete “natural history” of the alien based on the screenplay, which ulti-

Left: *Phallelujah*, 1968–69, oil on wood, 100 x 74 cm (39.4 x 29.1 in.).
Opposite: *Gebärmaschine*, 1967, India ink on Transcop on paper on wood, 170 x 110 cm (67 x 43.3 in.).


H.R. Giger

mately produced the final monster of the film. The creature's latent deadliness turns into a sort of applied lethality that it acts out through dynamic motion in the film. Between these two stages stood the creative and artistic process of designing and producing the necessary figures, which Giger did primarily by himself. The process results in a unique mixture of fascination and disgust. Giger's monster represents a turning point in science fiction and horror movies, to which *Alien* brought a deadly lifeform from space that had never been seen before.



The myriad traces that Giger's work has left in so many different areas—painting and film, album covers and tattoo culture, as well as in the genres of science fiction and fantasy—make it like a Rosetta Stone combining several languages that still have to be decrypted. Seen in art-historical terms, we have an artist whose work, although inspired by Surrealism and Symbolism, was highly autonomous and ultimately difficult to classify and who already made a distinctive contribution to the Fantastic Art of the 20th century with his work before *Alien*. His biomechanical ideas are still developed independently in disciplines like media art and bio art, less as an aesthetic influence than as ideas influencing a conceptual approach. Then there is the reading of Giger's work focusing on mythology and psychology, which examines the role of individual and collective fears in his approach, which is not merely figurative and narrative, but can also be understood in a modern way as the creation of a mythology. A work that is so densely populated with archetypes and beings from a post-human future, which is well beyond accepted notions of reality and which is so rich in symbols, shapes, and themes from occult traditions, also calls for a reading that includes interpretations from the fields of alchemy, astrology, and magic. The diversity of the readings of these archetypal themes could easily fill a whole library—a "Bibliotheca gigeriana"—on the draftsman, painter, sculptor, filmmaker, and designer HR Giger.



"The myriad traces that Giger's work has left in so many different areas make it like a Rosetta Stone that still has to be decrypted."

The Birth of Biomechanics

HR Giger was born in 1940 in the small town of Chur in the Swiss canton of Graubünden and reports from his childhood already hint at the themes that would determine his later life: in the flat of his parents' house, where

Above: Giger Bar at the HR Giger Museum, Château St. Germain, Gruyères 2003.
Left: *Alpha I (Zwei Frauen)*, 1967, India ink on Transcop on paper on wood, 110 x 105 cm (43.3 x 41.4 in.).
Opposite: HR Giger in the passageway of *Passagen-Tempel* (Eingangspartie), 1975.
Overleaf: *Hommage à Böcklin*, 1977, acrylic on paper on wood, 100 x 140 cm (39.4 x 55.1 in.).


“Since choosing to pursue art, it has been like an LSD trip—with no return. I feel like a tightrope walker and no longer differentiate between work and leisure. I suddenly realize that ‘making art’ is a vital activity for me to keep from going insane.” —HR Giger, 1987





"At its essence, Giger's art digs down into our psyches and touches our very deepest primal instincts and fears. His art stands in a category of its own. The proof of this lies in the intensity of his work and imagination, which I can only compare to Hieronymus Bosch and Francis Bacon in their powers to provoke and disturb." *—Ridley Scott*



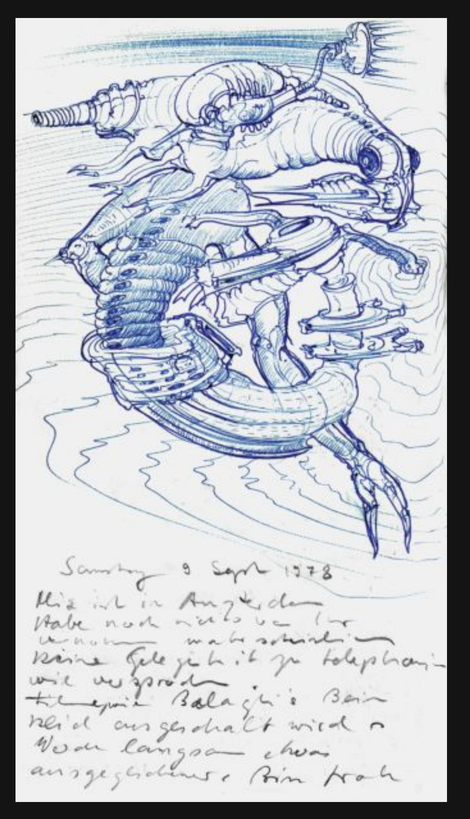
his father also had a pharmacy on the ground floor, he built a ghost train. His target group was mainly girls, in whom little Hansruedi showed an early interest. While the others were at church on Sunday mornings, he headed for the basement of the local museum to look at the mummy of an Egyptian princess on display there and stood beside her in a mixture of horror and fascination. When a pharmaceutical company gave his father a human skull, the son took it for himself and pulled it behind him through the streets of Chur on a string. As a student in the second half of the 1950s, Giger did drawings with macabre topics and set up the so-called Black Room in his parental home—his first place for his own art and that of others, for performance and music.

At the beginning of the 1960s, Giger published his ink drawings in Swiss underground magazines. In 1962, he entered the School of Applied Arts in Zürich. During his time there he created a group of tachistic paintings as well as pictures of huge empty stairwells. Giger's early work deals very directly with the collective fears of the time. The world had just narrowly avoided a nuclear war over the stationing of Soviet nuclear weapons on Cuba, and in neutral Switzerland, which was working on its own nuclear weapons program, the very real possibility of a nuclear apocalypse was omnipresent. In several of his works, Giger designed a post-apocalyptic scenario showing the situation after a nuclear war. Other hotly debated issues such as the threat of global overpopulation and the advancing mechanization and automation of many aspects of life also found their way into his work.

Atomkinder (Atomic Children, 1967–68) shows three posthuman figures in a stylized artificial landscape. The entire upper half of the picture is filled with an atomic "sun," in front of which two one-legged beings loom. Giger is putting mutation, a long-term consequence of nuclear radiation at the genetic level, at the heart of the image. The two figures almost look like Siamese twins, but they are separate beings who touch each other only at a point of their backs because they need each other to walk upright. They no longer have arms, but masks and tubes leading away from them have become integral parts of their bodies. The tubes lead into the bases of their spines, which are open as if the figures were already on the autopsy table. Little flesh encases their skeletons, and antenna-like projections stick out from their skulls. A third entity, barely a torso with feet, is sitting on the ground, a hose leading from his back to an opening in the floor. The big nuclear sun has numerous protuberances radiating in all directions. One of them runs into a tube such as the protagonists have. This tube is either disappearing into the ground or possibly into a fourth creature that we can only discern rudimentarily. The two nuclear children that dominate the picture are looking in different directions. There is no sign of panic or postapocalyptic despair—the nuclear children are clearly way beyond such emotions. The surface of the earth, if this is what it is about, has been abstracted into pure geometry: there is no longer any landscape that we might find familiar.

This is where HR Giger developed what he would later call his "biomechanical style": a fusion of biological and mechanical components and man and machine on both a factual and a metaphorical level. This visionary anticipation of the later phenomena of cyberculture, in particular the figure of the cyborg, goes way beyond the idea of using technology to compensate for the deficits of the human race. The artist has created a new form of existence, which has no utopian features but is rather portrayed with dystopian grimness. At the same time, however, Giger himself has described biomechanics as a "harmonious fusion of technology, mechanics, and the living creature." Because of the oppressive and

Left: *Alienmonster I (Giger's Alien)*, 1979, acrylic on paper on wood, 140 x 140 cm (55.1 x 55.1 in.).
Below: Page from the *Alien Diaries*, Shepperton 1978.
Opposite: *Atomkinder*, 1967–68, India ink on Transcop on paper on wood, 170 x 108 cm (67 x 42.5 in.).



threatening scenes, this element of harmony may strike an odd note, but it is created by the peaceful dozing that distinguishes his characters. Their apparent calm and balanced state alludes to an underlying concept of beauty that shares nothing with the premodern aesthetics of fantastic art, but is quite at home in a mechanistic and war-hardened modern age. Giger has repeatedly stressed that it would be wrong to see only the terrible things in his paintings because they contain just as much of the elegance that has always been important to him. Whatever their specific forms, horror and beauty are inseparable in HR Giger's work, just like the dread and fascination that accompany them.

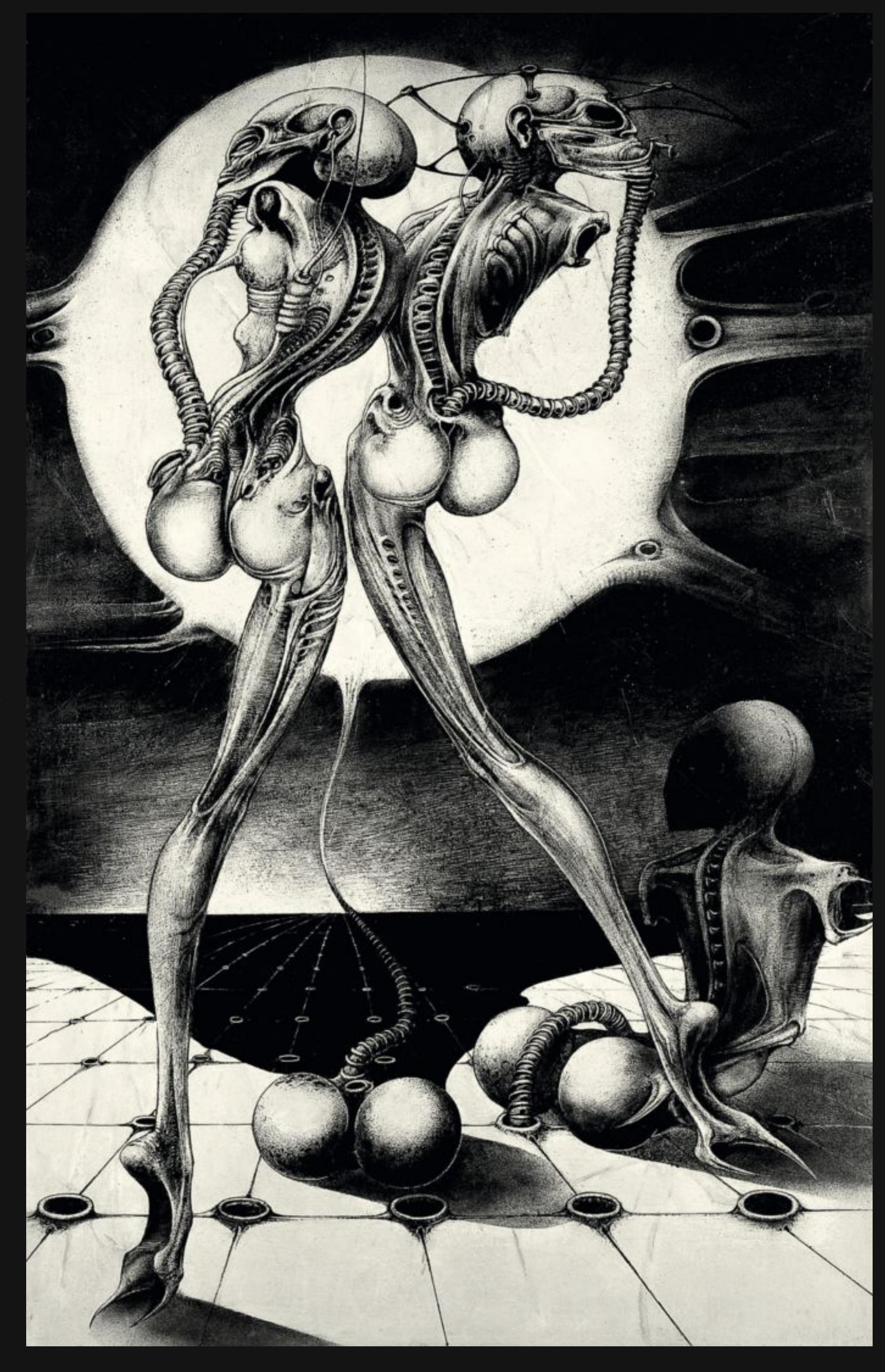
> "Giger's early work deals very directly with the collective fears of the time."

Passages

In addition to sexual liberation and the Vietnam War, the 1960s also saw a collective theme in the specter of overpopulation, and this formed another strand in Giger's work. The artist confronted the fear that Earth would soon no longer be able to support all of human life from the perspective of individual birth trauma. This is particularly evident in the motif of the Gebärmaschine (Birth Machine). Executed in the style of a sectional drawing, the best known version of this topic from 1967 presents a tool for killing—more specifically: a Walther P38 pistol—as an instrument of birth. The babies waiting expectantly in the gun's chamber and magazine for their launch into an inhospitable world are already equipped with helmets, goggles, and weapons. The painting shows four such figures huddled into a cartridge form in great detail. The figures are totally without individuality, and their seriality is combined with a sense of fatalism.

In 1971, the city of Cologne's garbage collection service unexpectedly gave Giger the basis for the imagery of a complete series of paintings, titled *Passagen* (1971–73). The opening at the back of the garbage trucks where the bins were hooked up before being emptied into the interior of the truck reminded Giger of the female womb—especially in its evocation of the "mechanical-erotic act"—like a grammar of a complex mix of birth trauma, magical attraction, and fear of female sexuality. The strictly serially composed images were taken from a spontaneous photo of this "objet trouvé" the artist had taken, which he now varied by using many layers of color, building up the surfaces, and superimposing various symbolic and sometimes scenic layers and motifs.

Giger was not to let go of the *Passagen* theme: he created the *Passagen-Tempel* (1974–75), four large paintings that together form a walkable environment. The temple is entered and left again through an opening in the form of an Egyptian sarcophagus in the first painting. This panel, which the visitor can only really see when leaving the temple, takes up the train as a motif: a carriage in the form of a sarcophagus moves through a biomechanical landscape representing growth and decay. The panel on the left, entitled *Leben* (Life), presents an erotic-biomechanical tableau permeated by the presence of violence, where sickly children jostle through an opening zipper and pile themselves up into the form of a giant phallus. On the right, *Tod* (Death) refers back to the main subject of the previous *Passagen* series—the opening of the garbage truck. It is flanked by body snatchers, who recall the shapes of the cypresses common in Italian cemeteries as also found in Arnold Böcklin's painting *Island of the Dead*. The central panel of Giger's temple, opposite the entrance, shows *Weg des Magiers* (The Way



of the Magician): seven steps up to a throne bathed in light and flanked by biomechanical virgins. In a kind of synthesis of mutually corresponding images of life and death, the perfection of man is symbolized here as his elevation to the level of a god.

Magical Narratives

Passages and the landscapes of our own unconscious were not the only sources that nurtured Giger's imagery. The creation of his paintings was accompanied by an intensive reading of works of fantastic literature. Stories by authors such as Edgar Allan Poe, Gustav Meyrink, and Alfred Kubin had fascinated the artist since his youth. The writer H. P. Lovecraft, whose *Necronomicon* provided the inspiration and title for Giger's aforementioned *Necronom* series, had an especially complex effect on Giger. Lovecraft's *Necronomicon* is a fictional book supposedly written by the Muslim poet Abdul Alhazred after ten years of solitude in the in southern Arabian desert. It is full of blasphemies by an author who has become alienated from the traditions of Islam. No one ever lay eyes on the book, though, because when Abdul Alhazred has finished writing it, invisible monsters punish him for his sacrilege and devour him in broad daylight in the central square of Damascus. Giger was not just influenced by Lovecraft's narrative and the imaginative potential of his stories, but also by his exploration of the power of words and the magic of names—names that often may not be uttered without provoking a disaster. Something fascinated Giger in the sound of a name, which comes across to the viewers of his literary-semantically inspired works.

Giger also turned to books of hermetic literature and he studied Aleister Crowley and French author Éliphas Lévi, a 19th-century pioneer of the occult. Black magic symbols

"Giger was influenced by Lovecraft's narrative and the imaginative potential of his stories, but also by his exploration of the power of words and the magic of names."

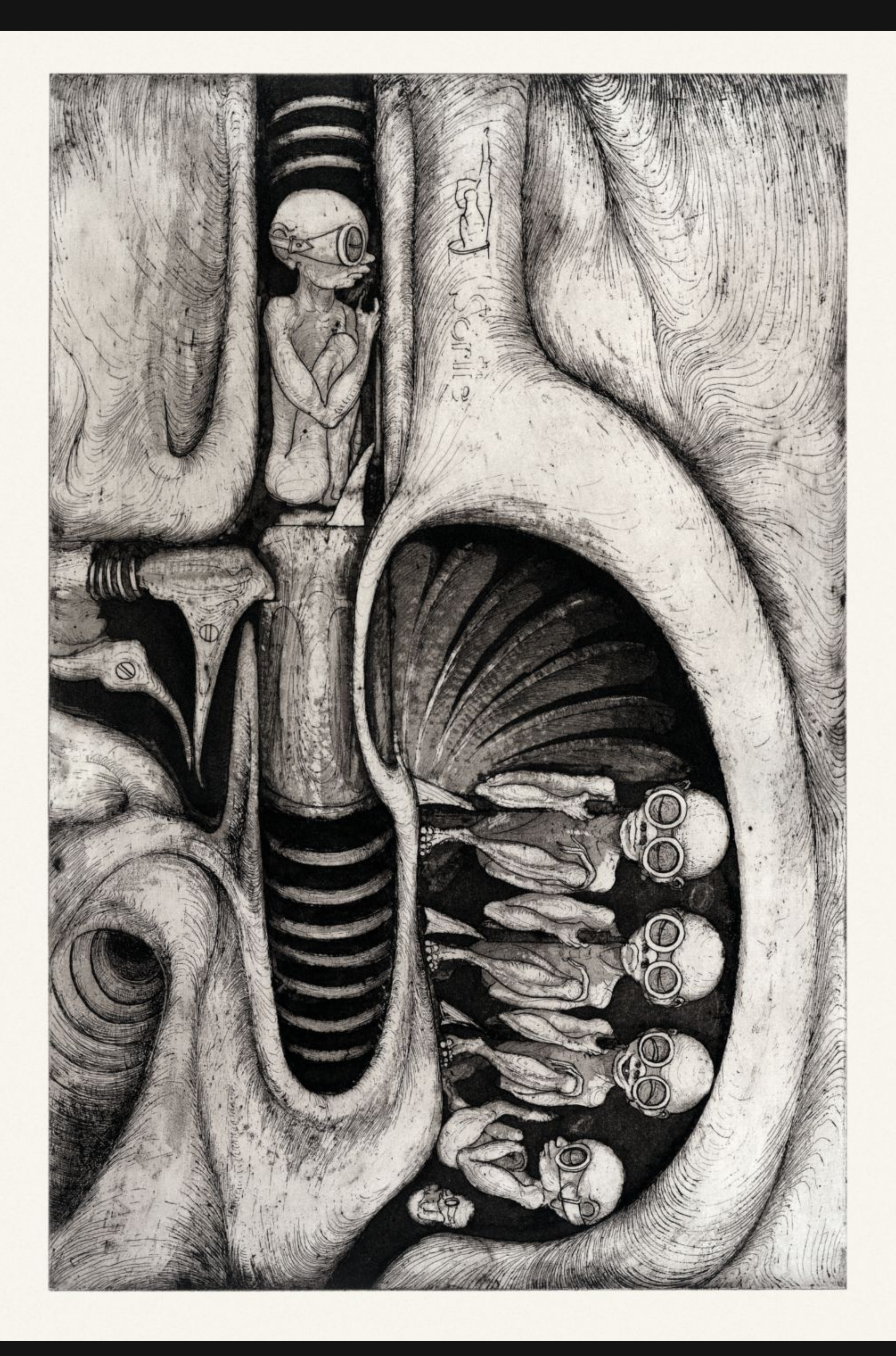
increasingly appeared in Giger's paintings from the 1970s onward, e.g., in the cycle *The Spell* (1973–77), which centers around Baphomet as the Antichrist. The character was invented only in the 19th century, an androgynous cross of man and goat, horned and sporting the pentagram on its forehead. For Lévi, the figure is a symbol of the elevation of the spirit over matter, whereas Crowley sees it as symbolizing the union of opposites and it also occupies the position of the devil in his work.

The texts Giger was reading and the images he was painting ultimately impart secret knowledge reserved only for the initiated. The opaqueness of hermetic texts and occult pictorial schemes represent a way of thinking that has challenged enlightened rationalist modernity since the Renaissance. Yet Giger himself was not an alchemist. Where alchemical symbols appear in his works, their meaning alludes to the symbolic and philosophical layer in which alchemy can be understood as a program for the development of man and a forerunner of psychoanalysis. In his art, he followed the same step that C. G. Jung had taken with his break from Sigmund Freud in his concepts of a "collective unconscious" and of "archetypes." Jung had noticed that, "certain archetypal motifs that are common in alchemy appear in the dreams of modern individuals who have no knowledge of alchemical literature." Giger's art ultimately alludes to transpersonal ideas and images, from which it derives its mythical power.



Left: *Passage XXIV*, 1972, acrylic on cardboard on wood, 100 x 70 cm (39.4 x 27.5 in.).
Opposite: *A. CROWLEY (THE BEAST 666)*, 1975, acrylic on paper, 200 x 140 cm (78.8 x 55.1 in.).





Limited to a total of 1,200 numbered copies, each authenticated by the HR Giger Estate



ART EDITION NO. 1–100

With *"Untitled (Relief)*, 1964" (ready-to-hang polyester cast of the original, right), 50 x 50 cm (19.7 x 19.7 in.) and photogravure *"Gebärmaschine (Second state)*, 1965" (opposite) on archival quality paper, 60 x 43.5 cm (23.6 x 17.1 in.).
$ 3.000 / € 2.500 / £ 2.250

ART EDITION NO. 101–200

With *"Untitled (Relief)*, 1964" (right), 50 x 50 cm (19.7 x 19.7 in.).
$ 2.000 / € 1.750 / £ 1.500

COLLECTOR'S EDITION NO. 201–1,200

$ 900 / € 750 / £ 650

"This book was truly one of the greatest pleasures in Hansruedi's final years."
—Carmen Giger Scheifele

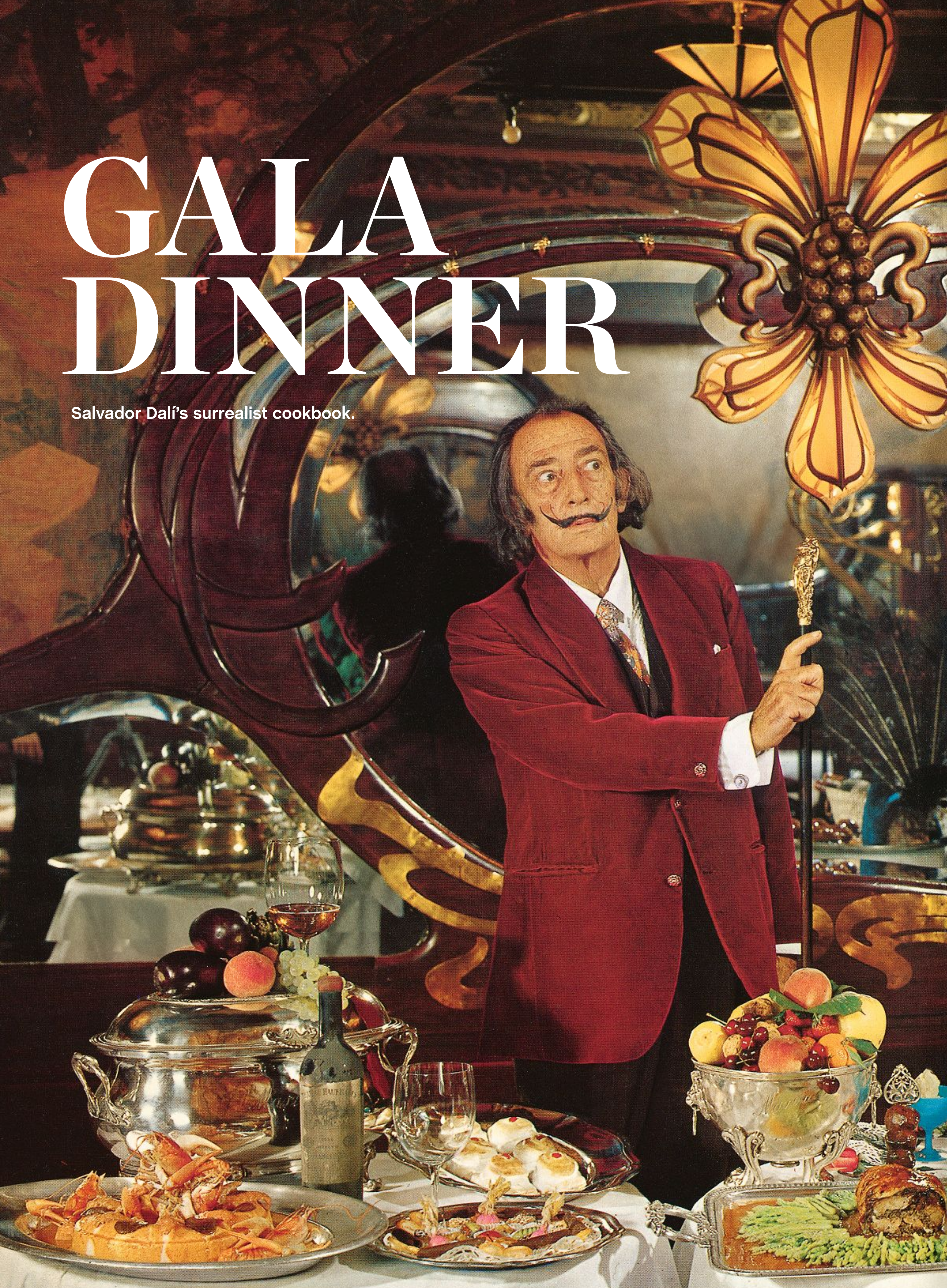
Our publishing history with HR Giger goes back to the mid-1980s and includes the limited editions *Hologramm* and *wwwHRGIGERcom.* Project work for this SUMO-sized monograph dates back 10 years and included close curatorial and design collaboration with Hansruedi, as well as new photography of leading artworks held in private collections all over the globe. Due to his untimely death in 2014, Hansruedi was unable to witness the final printing and binding of his *opus magnum,* but it stands in his memory as testimony to his prolific output and extraordinary vision.



SUMO SIZE

HR Giger
Hardcover with foldouts in clamshell box, 36.7 x 50 cm (14.4 x 19.7 in.), 400 pp.

Explore Giger's universe at the Museum HR Giger in the medieval Château St. Germain in Gruyères, Switzerland. Find out more on hrgigermuseum.com



GALA DINNER

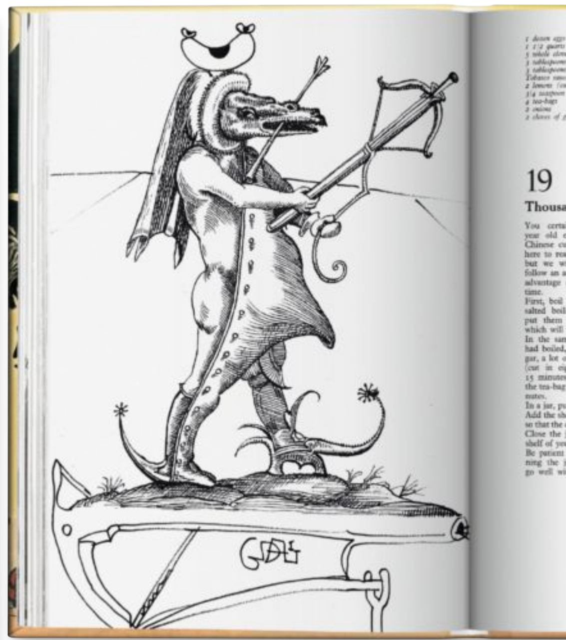
Salvador Dalí's surrealist cookbook.



Photograph of a table setting with Salvador Dalí, by Réalités–Connaissance des Arts.

“The jaw is our best tool to grasp philosophical knowledge.” —Salvador Dalí





2 1/4 lbs sugar
1 cup of water
1 teaspoon of butter
1 slab of marble
1 tablespoon of oil
7 ozs of pine nuts (pignole)

114
Toffee with pine cones

In a saucepan, combine the sugar and water and cook over medium flame. Be careful: you have to watch the process since the sugar is turning to toffee (or caramel, however you want to call it). It can burn very fast.
When it turns brown and has started to smell like something burnt, remove quickly from the fire. Add the tablespoon of butter which will melt right away. You don't have to stir.
Grease the slab of marble with oil; pour the toffee on it. Using a spatula or wooden spoon, work it, combining it with the pine nuts.
Soon it will be cool enough for you to use your hands.
Watch it: don't let it harden too much. Squeeze in the palm of your hand and form little sausages which you will cut to candy size.
Allow it to throughly cool.

1 can of grape juice (1 pint)
1 can of apricot juice (1 pint)
8 tablespoons of semolina
3 1/2 ozs powdered sugar
3 1/2 ozs heavy cream
7 ozs plums with brandy (optional)
5 ozs of heavy cream
2 ozs powdered sugar

115
Fruit cream

Pour the grape juice and the apricot juice into a saucepan. Bring to a boil, then throw the semolina into the liquid. Stir with a wooden spoon and boil for 5 minutes.
Add the cream and remove from the fire.
When it is lukewarm, stir to settle the preparation.
You can then add the plums, cut into pieces.
Since the children like this dessert very much, you can do without the brandied plums if you wish.
Pour into a shallow dish and put in the refrigerator.
Beat, add sugar to the 5 ozs of heavy cream to make a whipped cream (see recipe: "Peaches with almonds").
If you prepare the whipped cream ahead of time put it in a sieve so as to drain the butter milk.
When serving, use the whipped cream as a decoration.

274





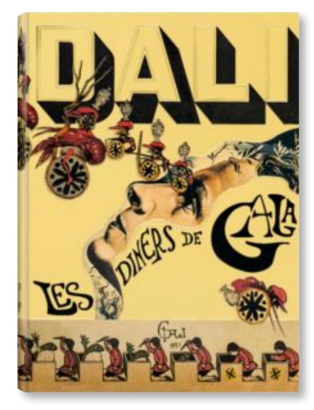
Food and Surrealism make perfect bedfellows.

Sex and lobsters, collage and cannibalism, the meeting of a swan and a toothbrush on a pastry case. The opulent dinner parties thrown by Salvador Dalí and his wife and muse, Gala in their castle in Catalonia were the stuff of legend. Luckily for us, Dalí published a cookbook in 1973, *Les diners de Gala*, which reveals some of the sensual, imaginative, and exotic elements that made up their notorious gatherings.

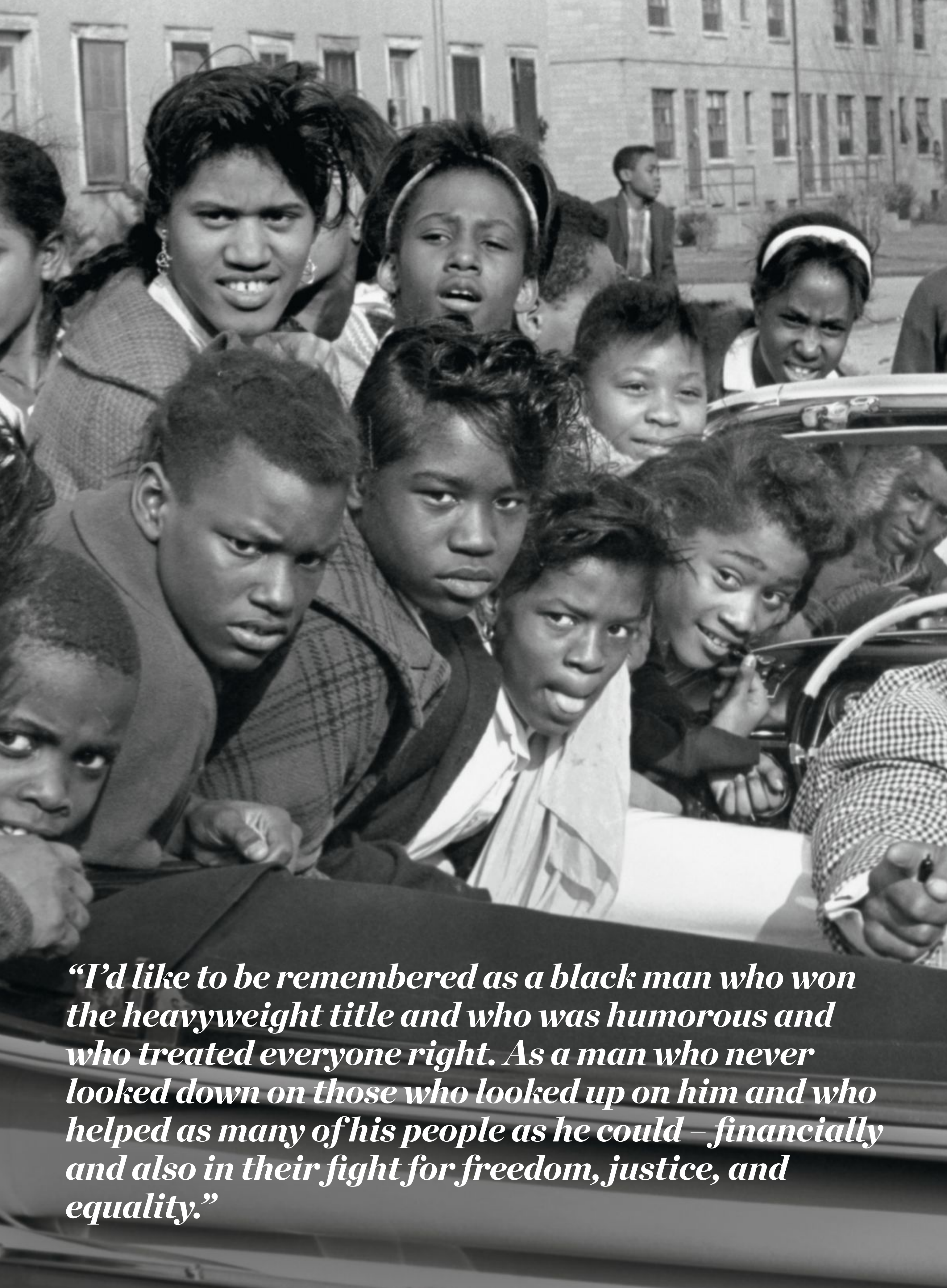
This reprint features all 136 recipes over twelve chapters, specially illustrated by Dalí, and organized by meal courses, including aphrodisiacs. The illustrations and recipes are accompanied by Dalí's extravagant musings on subjects such as dinner conversation: "The jaw is our best tool to grasp philosophical knowledge."

All these rich recipes can be cooked at home, although some will require practiced skill and a well-stocked pantry. This is cuisine of the old school, with meals by leading French chefs from such stellar Paris restaurants as Lasserre, La Tour d'Argent, Maxim's, and Le Train Bleu. Good taste, however voluptuous, never goes out of fashion. In making this rare treasure available to a wide audience, TASCHEN brings an artwork, a practical cookbook, and a multisensory adventure to today's kitchens.

> "*Les diners de Gala* is uniquely devoted to the pleasures of taste . . . If you are a disciple of one of those calorie-counters who turn the joys of eating into a form of punishment, close this book at once; it is too lively, too aggressive, and far too impertinent for you."
>
> —Salvador Dalí



Dalí. Les Diners de Gala
Hardcover, 21.2 x 30.2 cm
(8.3 x 11.9 in.), 320 pp.
$ 59.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99



"I'd like to be remembered as a black man who won the heavyweight title and who was humorous and who treated everyone right. As a man who never looked down on those who looked up on him and who helped as many of his people as he could – financially and also in their fight for freedom, justice, and equality."



Photo 1963 by Howard L. Bingham

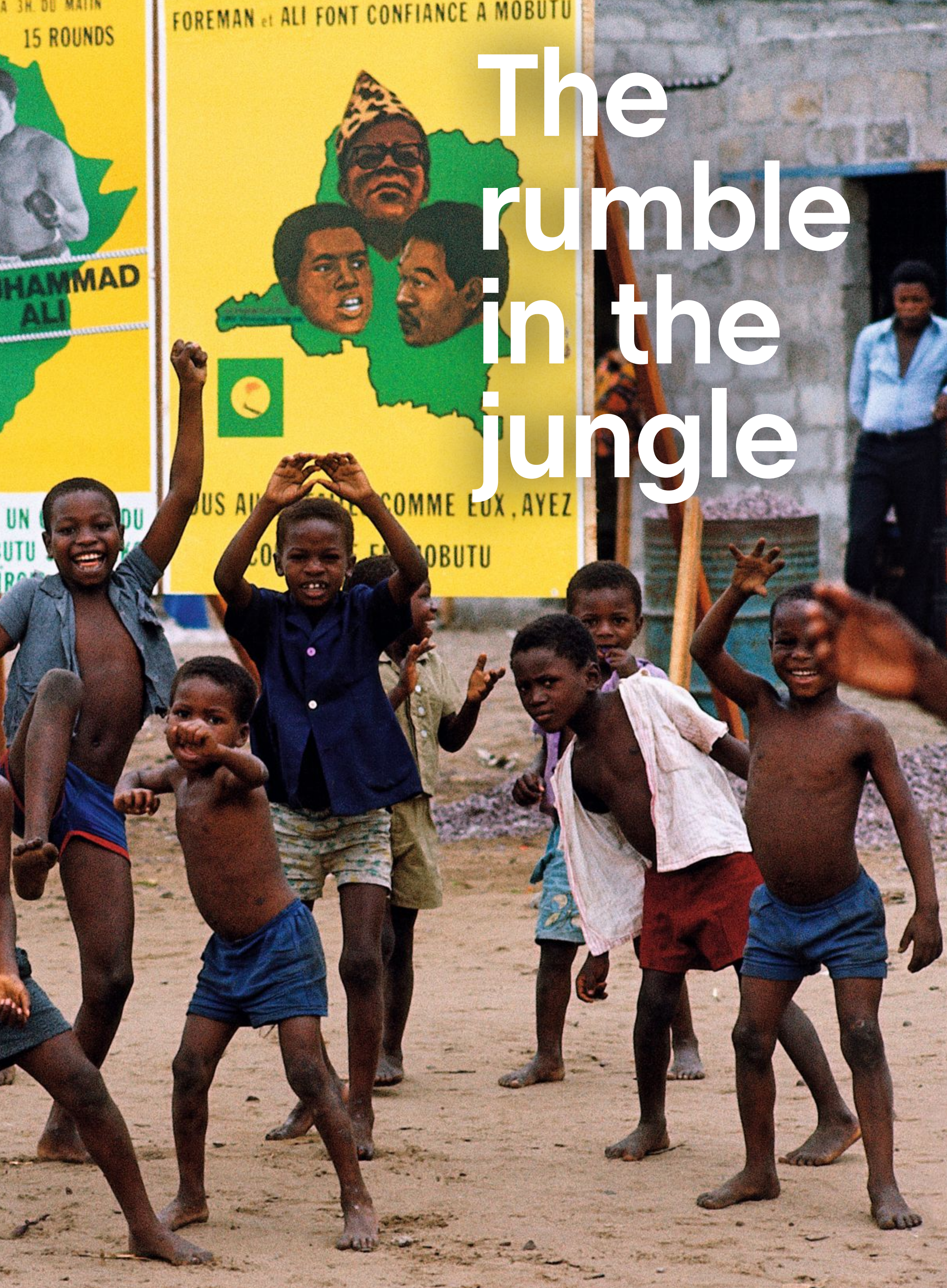
In loving memory



The epic Ali–Foreman fight as told by Norman Mailer and photographed by Neil Leifer and Howard Bingham.

Local children provided an enduring human counterpoint to the machinations around the Foreman–Ali fight. In the foreground young boys mix Chinese kung fu gestures with those of the boxing world. Behind them on the two flanking billboards President Mobutu depicts himself atop a pyramid of champions superimposed on a map of Zaire. Photo by Neil Leifer.

The rumble in the jungle



Mighty Ali

Norman Mailer on Muhammad Ali's miracle of a fight.

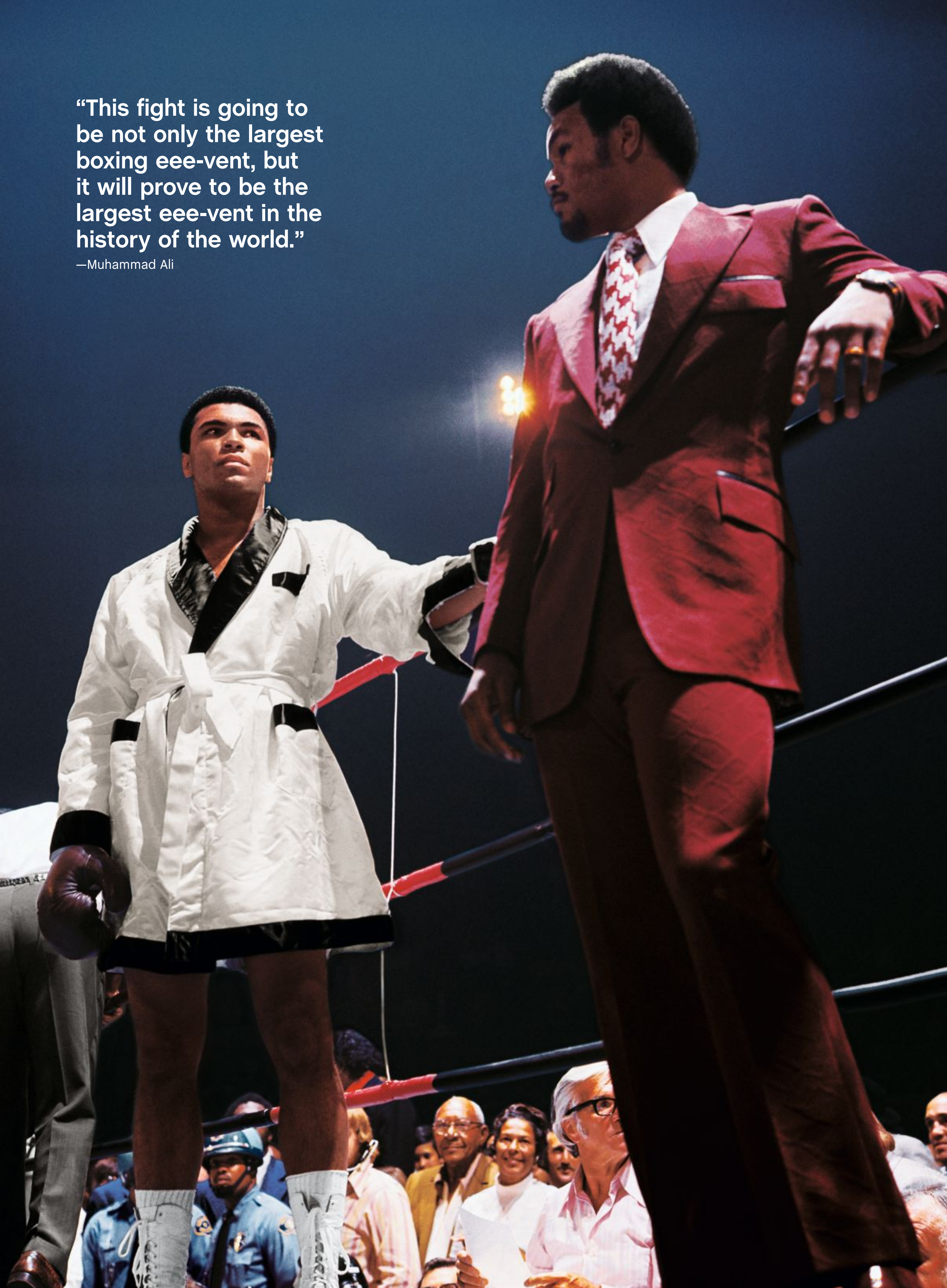
Thursday, five days before the bout, Ali gave a typical seminar. "This fight is going to be not only the largest boxing eee-vent, but it will prove to be the largest eee-vent in the history of the world. It will be the greatest upset of which anyone has ever heard, and to those who are ignorant of boxing, it will seem like the greatest miracle. This is because you here who write about boxing are ignorant of what you try to describe. You writers are the real fools and illiterates. I am going to demonstrate—so you will have something new for your columns—why I cannot be defeated by George Foreman and will create the greatest upset in the history of boxing which you by your ignorance and foolishness as writers have actually created. It is your fault," he said, mouthing his words for absolute enunciation, "that the boxing public knows so little and therefore believes George Foreman is great and I am finished. I must therefore demonstrate to you by scientific evidence how wrong you are."





"Angelo," he said to Angelo Dundee, "hand me those records, will you," and he began to read a list of fighters he had fought. The history of Heavyweight boxing in the last thirteen years was evoked by the list. His first seven fights were with pugilists never well known, names like Herb Siler, Tony Esperti, and Donnie Fleeman. "Nobodies," said Ali in comment. By his eighth fight, he was in with Alonzo Johnson, "a ranked contender," then Alex Miteff, "a ranked contender," Willi Besmanoff, "a ranked contender." Now Ali made a sour face. "At a time when George Foreman was having his first street fights, I was already fighting ranked contenders, boxers of skill, sluggers of repute, dangerous men! Look at the list: Sonny Banks, Billy Daniels, Alejandro Lavorante, Archie Moore! Doug Jones, Henry Cooper, Sonny Liston! I fought them all. Patterson, Chuvalo, Cooper again, Mildenberger, Cleveland Williams—a dangerous Heavyweight. Ernie Terrell, twice the size of Foreman—I whupped him . . . To the press I say this," said Ali. "I fought twenty ranked contenders before Foreman had his first fight!" Ali sneered. How could the press in its igno-

Above: Mailer and Ali during one of their many hours-long visits as the boxer's villa in N'sele. Photo by Howard L. Bingham.
Left: The charismatic and controversial Don King, whose overwhelming personality was center stage at the fight. Sportswriter Hugh McIlvanney described, ". . . the diamond rings and gold pendants, the velvet trim, ruffles, spangles and sequins that frequently enable his appearance to echo the garish hyperbole of his marathon monologues." Photo by Neil Leifer.
Opposite: Muhammad Ali gives George Foreman the stare during the announcements at his second fight with Jerry Quarry. June 27, 1972, Las Vegas. Photo by Neil Leifer.


“This fight is going to be not only the largest boxing eee-vent, but it will prove to be the largest eee-vent in the history of the world.”
—Muhammad Ali

WHAT, IN HEAVEN'S NAME, IS A ZAIRE?



A view of Kinshasa, capital of Zaire. In the background is the Congo River. Kinshasa was formerly Leopoldville, and Zaire's name was the Belgian Congo.

rance begin to comprehend such boxing culture? "Now, let Angelo read the list of Foreman's fights." As the names went by, Ali did not stop making faces. "Don Waldheim." "A nobody." "Fred Askew." "A nobody." "Sylvester Dullaire." "A nobody." "Chuck Wepner." "Nobody." "John Carroll." "Nobody." "Cookie Wallace." "Nobody." "Vernon Clay," said Dundee. Ali hesitated. "Vernon Clay—he might be good." The press laughed. They laughed again at Ali's comment for Gary "Hobo" Wiler—"a tramp." Now came a few more called "nobody." Ali said in disgust, "If I fought these bums, you people would put me out of the fight game." Abruptly Bundini shouted, "Next week, we be Champ again." "Shut up," said Ali, slapping him on the head, "it's my show."

After the fullest list of Foreman's fights had been delivered, Ali gave the summation. "Foreman fought a bum a month. In all, George Foreman fought five men with names. He stopped all five, but none took the count of ten. Of the twenty-nine name fighters I met, fifteen stayed down for the count of ten." With all the pride of having worked up a legal brief well organized and well delivered, Ali now addressed the jury.

"I'm a boxing scholar. I'm a boxing scientist—this is scientific evidence. You ignore it at your peril if you forget that I am a dancing master, a great artist." . . .

"I say to you in the press, you are impressed with Foreman because he looks like a big Black man and he hits a bag so hard. He cuts off the ring! I am going to tell you that he cannot fight. I will demonstrate that the night of the fight. You will see my ripping left and my shocking right cross. You are going to get the shock of your life. Because now you are impressed with Foreman. But I let you in on a secret. Colored folks scare more white folks than they scare colored folks. I am not afraid of Foreman, and that you will discover."

"Mobutu was everywhere. He was the equivalent in Africa of Josef Stalin. You saw his picture everywhere . . . most dictators are unbelievably ugly or plain. Mobutu looked the archetype, the epitome of a closet sadist, the sort of guy if you'd meet him in a bar you'd think, 'Oh my god!'" —Norman Mailer

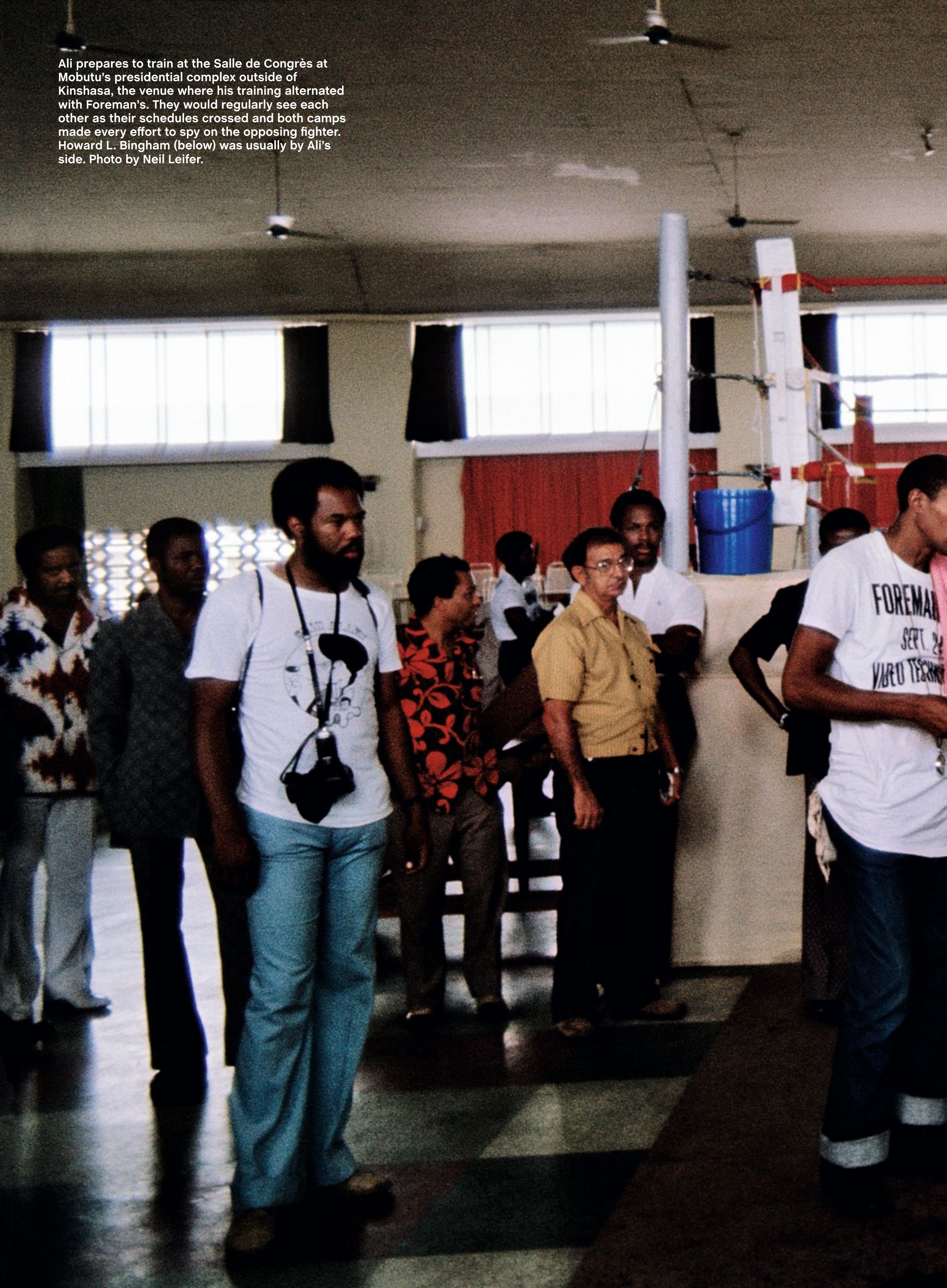
Next day, however, Ali varied the routine. There was no press conference. Instead, a drama took place in the ring. But then the fact that Ali was boxing today was in itself an event. In the last week and a half, he had sparred only three times, a light schedule. Of course, Ali had been training for so long his stablemates were growing old with him. Indeed, there was only one left, Roy Williams, the big dark gentle fighter who at Deer Lake had acted as if it were sacrilege to strike his employer.

Now he was introduced by Bundini to the audience of several hundred Africans: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Roy Williams, Heavyweight Champ of Pennsylvania. He's taller than George Foreman, he's heavier than George Foreman, his reach is longer, he hits harder, and he's more intelligent than

Above: *The Ring*, July 14, 1974.
Below: Muhammad Ali, flanked by Don King and his manager Herbert Muhammad, being received by Mobutu Sese Seko, President of Zaire, wearing his characteristic leopard-skin hat. The despotic Mobutu readily put up the $10 million combined purse, knowing that the fight would bring Zaire to the international sporting stage. Photo by Neil Leifer.



A graphic example of the cult of personality around President Mobutu. Mobutu was designated "President for Life" and his full self-assigned title has been translated as "The all powerful warrior who because of his endurance and inflexible will to win will go from conquest to conquest leaving fire in his wake." Photo by Neil Leifer.



Ali prepares to train at the Salle de Congrès at Mobutu's presidential complex outside of Kinshasa, the venue where his training alternated with Foreman's. They would regularly see each other as their schedules crossed and both camps made every effort to spy on the opposing fighter. Howard L. Bingham (below) was usually by Ali's side. Photo by Neil Leifer.


EVERLAST


Bundini

OFFICIAL PRESS POLL

ALI – FOREMAN

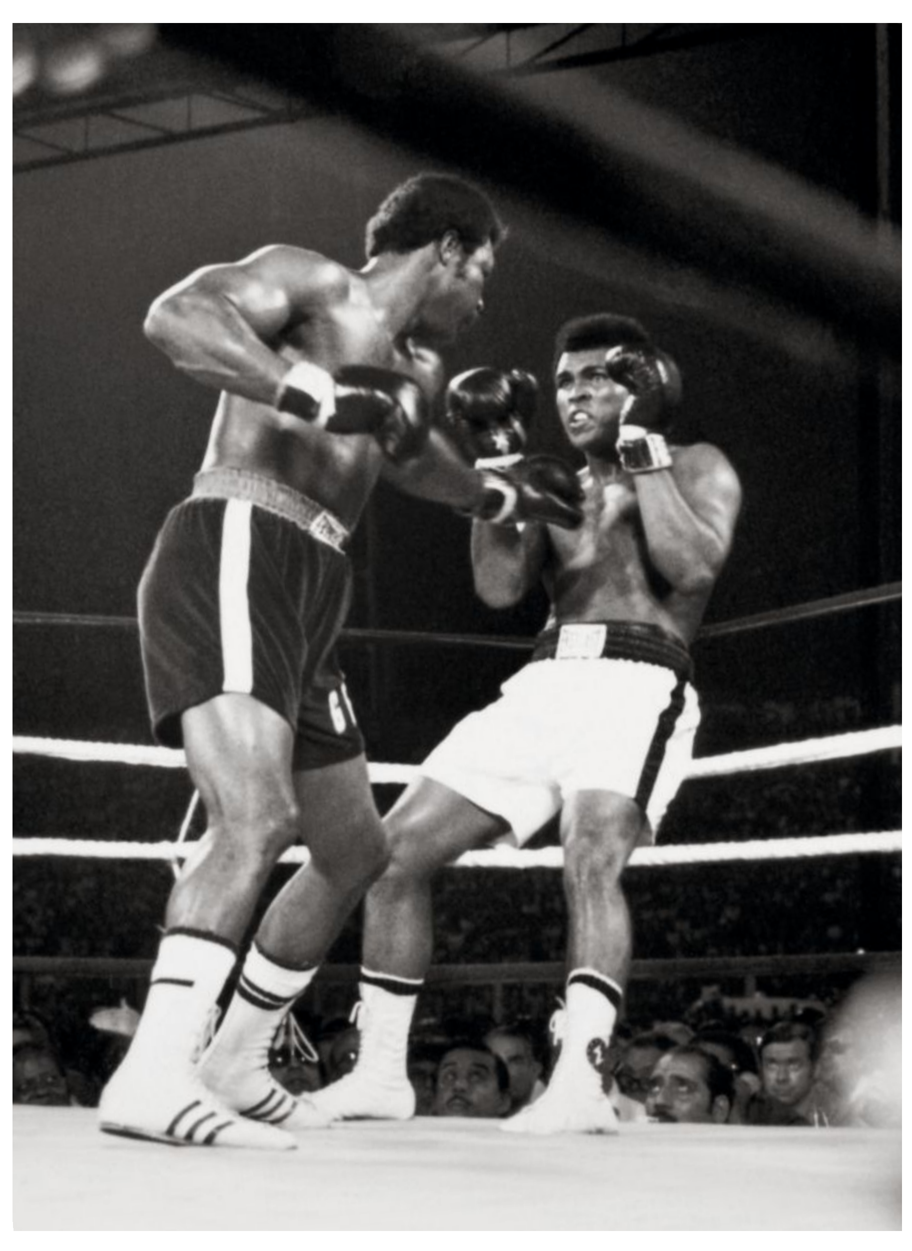
NAME	PAPER	SELECTION
Samuel Clark	Black Audio Network	Ali – 12th round
MEHMET BIBER	HURRIYET	ALI
TEO BETTI	IL MESSAGGERO (ITALY)	FOREMAN 10 Rounds
Tom Callahan	Cincinnati Enquirer	FOREMAN 1st Round
WILL GRIMSLEY	ASSOCIATED PRESS-NY	ALI 15 ROUNDS
BILL CARDOSO	NEW TIMES	ALI TKO 12
[illegible]	BRT- [illegible]	Ali 12
COLIN HART	THE SUN-LONDON	ALI – 11
BOB OTTUM	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED NEW YORK	FOREMAN
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Jim Barniak	Philadelphia Bulletin	Foreman 4
Sonia KATCHIAN	CANADA - Sports Illustrated	Ali - 9th round
BUDD SCHULBERG	NEWSDAY	ALI TKO 13
Tom Cushman	Phil. Daily News	Foreman-TKO 6
NORM MAILER	PLAYBOY	ALI 14th
BOURDIER	AP-miami	Foreman - 2
Bill CAPLAN	PROMOTION	FORIMAN-3
DAVE ANDERSON	NY TIMES	FOREMAN ①
[illegible]	[illegible] TV	Ali in 11
Earl Lane	WVON Radio-Chicago	ALI 10

George Foreman." Bundini was the father of hyperbole.

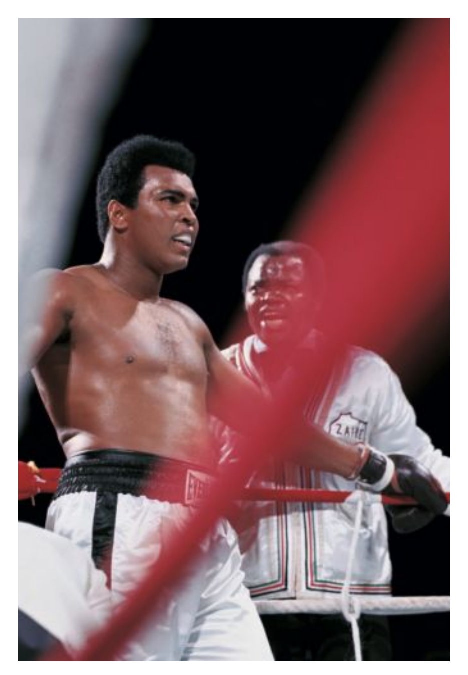
His remarks were translated by a Zairois interpreter to the Black audience. They giggled and applauded. Ali now led them in a chant , "Ali boma yé, Ali boma yé," which translated as "Kill him, Ali"—an old fight cry when all is said—and Ali conducted his people through the chant, but strictly, laying firm strokes on the air, a choirmaster with a boy scout chorus, stern, not fooling, proud of his chickens, except a smile seemed to come off the act. Everybody was happy about it and the cry was without menace, more like a high school crowd crying "Slay Sisley High," a testimonial to Ali's good spirits. He looked eighteen this morning and he got ready to spar with Roy Williams.

They hardly boxed, however. After weeks and months of working together, a fighter and his sparring partner are an old married couple. They make comfortable love. That is all right for old married couples, but the dangers are obvious for a fighter. He gets used to living below the level of risk in the ring. So Ali dispensed today with all idea of boxing. He wrestled through an entire round with Williams. To the beat of Big Black on the floor beating on his conga drum, one sullen throbbing rhythm, Ali grappled up and down the ring. "I'm going to tie George up and walk with him, walk with him," Ali said in a loud throttled voice through his mouthpiece. "Yes, I'm going to walk with him." Occasionally, he would fall back to the ropes and let Williams pound him, then he would wrestle some more. "We're going to walk with him." When the round was over, Ali yelled to the side of the hall, "Archie Moore, number one spy, you tell George I'm running. I'm going to work him until he's stupid and then the torture begins. War! War!" Ali shouted, and rushed out swinging like an archetype of determination, only to go slack and wave to Williams to pound him on the ropes . . . What a battle was to follow. . . .

October 29, 1974: He was all alone in the ring, the Challenger on call for the Champion, the Prince waiting for the Pretender, and unlike other fighters who wilt in the long minutes before the titleholder will appear, Ali seemed to be taking royal pleasure in his undisputed possession of the space. He looked unafraid and almost on the edge of happiness, as if the discipline of having carried himself through the two thousand nights of sleeping without his title after it had been taken from him without ever losing a contest—a frustration for a fighter doubtless equal in impact to writing *A Farewell to Arms* and then not being able to publish it—must have been a biblical seven years of trial through which he had come with the crucial part of his honor, his talent, and his desire for greatness still intact, and light came off him at this instant. His body had a shine like the flanks of a thoroughbred. He looked fully ready to fight the strongest meanest man to come along in Heavyweight circles in many years, maybe the worst big man of all, and while the Prince stood alone in his ring, and waited out the



Above: To appease the inevitable boredom of the weeks in N'Sele and Kinshasa, journalists and photographers recorded their pre-fight predictions.
Opposite: The main event: October 29, 1974. "Now the word came down the line from the stadium outside. 'Ali in the ring, Ali in the ring.' Solemnly, Bundini handed Ali the white African robe which the fighter had selected." Photo by Neil Leifer.
Right: Ali absorbed a significant amount of punishment on the ropes. His own corner, unaware of his tactics, reacted with panic and urged him to move around the ring. They feared the worst: Ali being knocked out for the first time ever. Photo by Howard L. Bingham.

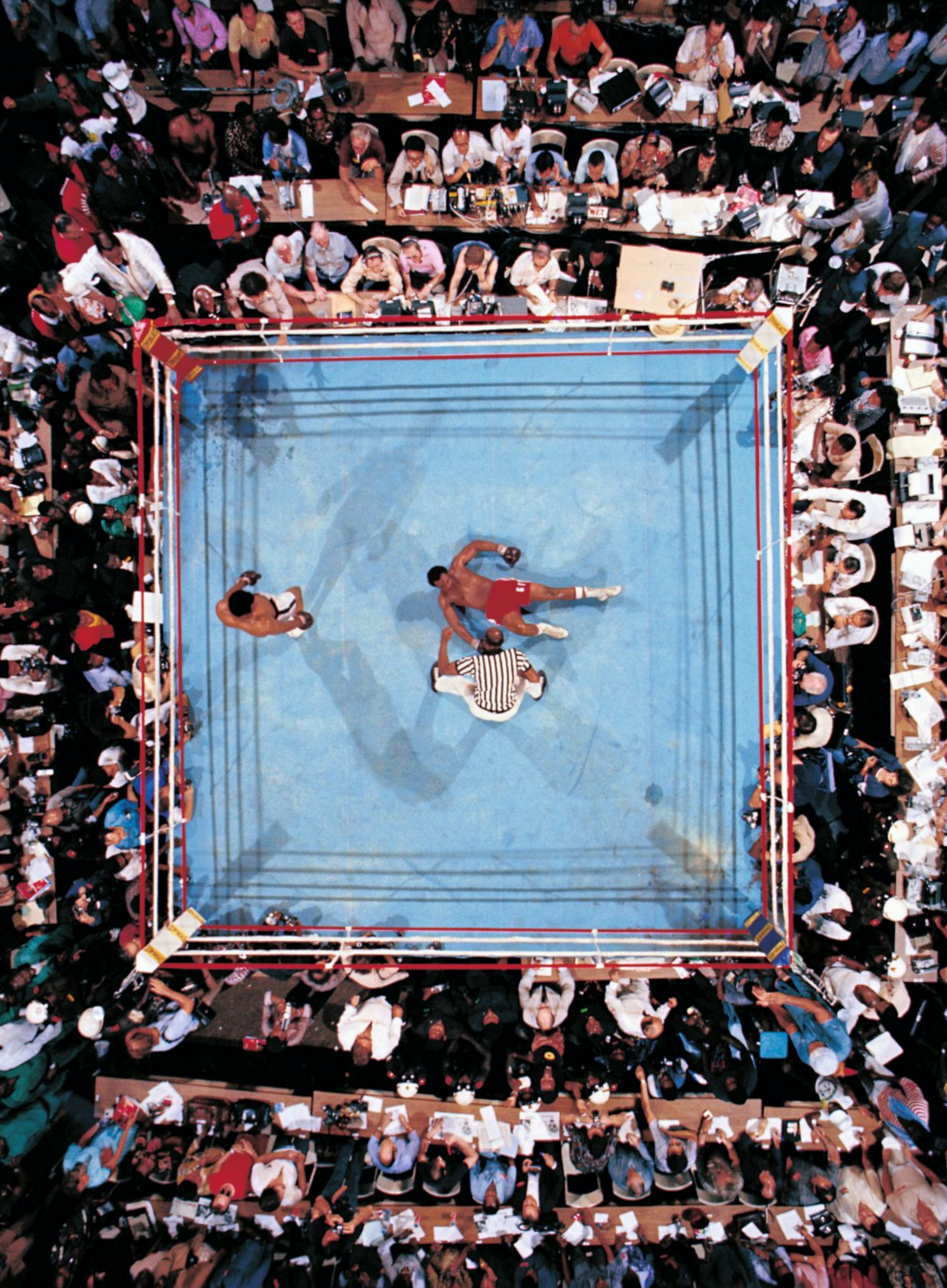


minutes for the Champion to arrive and had his thoughts, whatever they were, and his private communion with Allah, however that might feel, while he stood and while he shuffled and while he shadowboxed the air, the Lord Privy Seal, Angelo Dundee from Miami, went methodically from ring post to ring post and there in full view of ringside and the stadium just as methodically loosened each of the four turnbuckles on each post which held the tension of each of the four ropes, and did it with a spoke and a wrench he must have put in his little carrying bag back at Nsele and transported on the bus and carried from the dressing room to this ring. And when the ropes were slack to his taste, loose enough for his fighter to lean way back, he left the ring and returned to the corner. Nobody had paid any particular attention to him.

Foreman was still in his dressing room. Later Plimpton learned a detail from his old friend Archie Moore. "Just before going out to the ring, Foreman joined hands with his boxing trust—Dick Sadler, Sandy Saddler, and Archie—in a sort of prayer ritual they had practiced (for every fight) since Foreman became Champion in Jamaica," Plimpton wrote. "Now they were holding hands again in Zaire, and Archie Moore, who had his head bowed, found himself thinking that he should pray for Muhammad Ali's safety. Here's what he said: 'I was praying, and in great sincerity, that George wouldn't kill Ali. I really felt that was a possibility.'" So did others.

Foreman arrived in the ring. He was wearing red velvet trunks with a white stripe and a blue waistband. The colors of the American flag girded his middle and his shoes were white. He looked solemn, even sheepish, like a big boy who as Archie said "truly doesn't know his own strength." The letters GF stood out in embossed white cloth from the red velvet of his trunks. GF—Great Fighter. The Referee, Zack Clayton, Black and much respected in his profession, had been waiting. George had time to reach his corner, shuffle his feet, huddle with the trust, get the soles of his shoes in resin, and the fighters were meeting in the center of the ring to get instructions. It was the time for each man to extort a measure of fear from the other. Liston had done it to all his opponents until he met Ali who, then Cassius Clay at the age of twenty-two, glared back at him with all the imperative of his high-destiny guts. Foreman, in turn, had done it to Frazier and then to Norton. A big look, heavy as death, oppressive as the closing of the door of one's tomb. To Foreman, Ali now said (as everybody was later informed), "You have heard of me since you were young. You've been following me since you were a little boy. Now, you must meet me, your master!"—words the press could not hear at the time, but Ali's mouth was moving, his head was twelve inches from Foreman's, his eyes were on the other. Foreman blinked, Foreman looked surprised as if he had been impressed just a little more than he expected. He tapped Ali's glove in a move equal to saying, "That's your round. Now we start."

Above and right: Ali looking contemptuously at Foreman. He began on the offensive and was flat-footed to maximize the impact of his blows. The turning point of the fight was round five, when Ali stunned Foreman with a devastating cluster of punches as the round ended.
Opposite: Seven years after being stripped of his title, Muhammad Ali, champion again at 32. Boxing history is made as Foreman fails to get up from the canvas. The referee was former Harlem Globetrotter, Zack Clayton.
All photos by Neil Leifer.





In the dressing room before the fight. Ali's demeanor was relaxed and in marked contrast to the somber mood of his corner. "We're going to dance," Ali exclaimed to his team and to writers George Plimpton and Norman Mailer. Photo by Howard L. Bingham.

Collector's Edition of 1,974 numbered copies, each signed by Howard L. Bingham and Neil Leifer.

ART EDITION

30 x 40 cm (11.8 x 15.7 in.).

NO. 1–125

"The Calm Before the Fight," Gelatin silver print on archival quality paper, signed by Howard L. Bingham (opposite).

NO. 126–250

"Ali vs Foreman – Foreman Being Counted Out," Pigment print on Museo Portfolio Rag paper, signed by Neil Leifer (page 113).

$ 1,800 / € 1,500 / £ 1,250 each

COLLECTOR'S EDITION NO. 251–1,974

$ 700 / € 500 / £ 450

On October 30, 1974, in Kinshasa, Zaire, at the virtual center of Africa, two African-American boxers were paid five million dollars apiece to affront each other in an epic match. One was Muhammad Ali, who vowed to reclaim the championship he had lost. The other was George Foreman, who was as taciturn as Ali was voluble and who kept his hands in his pockets "the way a hunter lays his rifle back into its velvet case."
Observing them was Norman Mailer, whose grasp of the titanic battle's feints and stratagems—and sensitivity to their deeper symbolism—made his 1975 book, *The Fight*, a masterpiece of sports writing. Whether analyzing the fighters' moves, interpreting their characters, or weighing their competing claims on the African and American souls, Mailer was a commentator of unparalleled energy, acumen, and audacity—and surely one of the few intrepid enough to accompany Ali on a late-night run through the bush. In *The Fight* he restores our tarnished notions of heroism to a blinding gleam—and establishes himself as a champion in his own right.

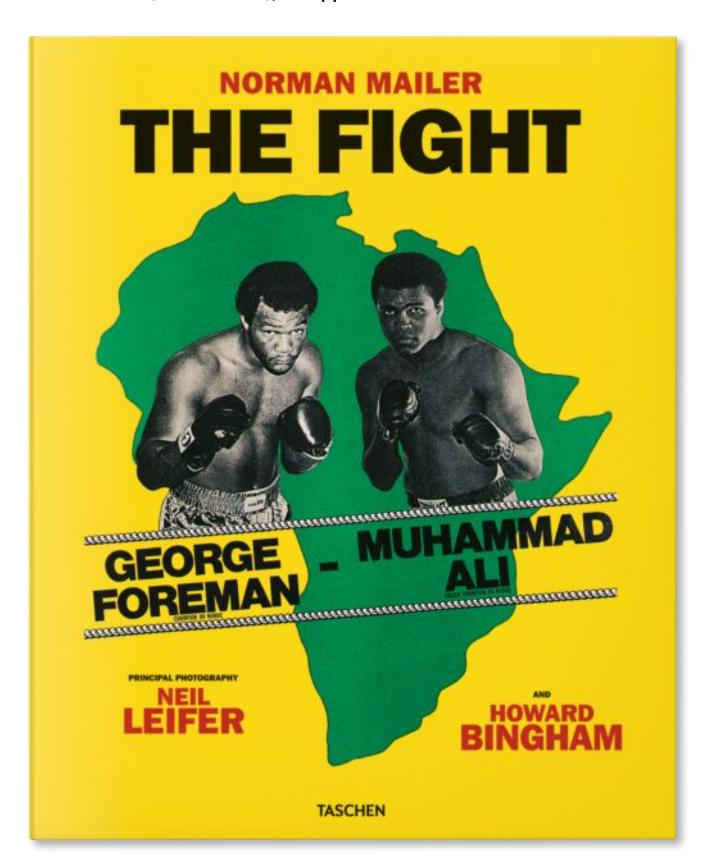
Norman Mailer (1923–2007) was one of the 20th century's greatest and most influential writers, as well as one of America's most renowned and controversial literary figures. The two-time Pulitzer Prize winner and best-selling author of a dozen novels and 20 works of nonfiction, he also wrote stage plays, screenplays, television miniseries, hundreds of essays, two books of poetry, and a collection of short stories.

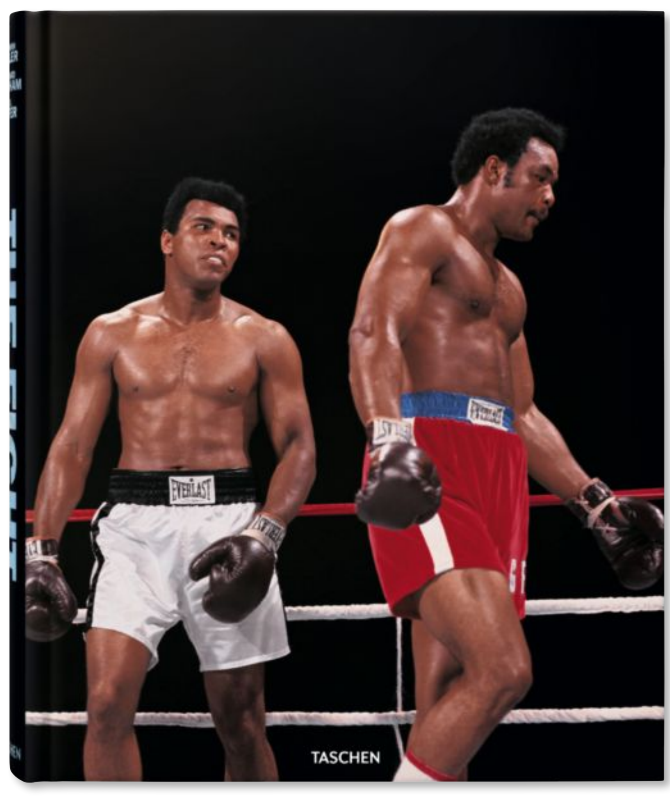
"A sensitive portrait of an extra-ordinary athlete and a puglistic drama fully as exciting as the reality on which it is based." —*The New York Times*

Also available by Norman Mailer from TASCHEN: *MoonFire. The Epic Journey of Apollo 11; Marilyn Monroe* (with photographs by Bert Stern); *JFK. Superman Comes to the Supermarket.*

Norman Mailer. The Fight
Howard L. Bingham and Neil Leifer
Hardcover in clamshell box,
36.5 x 44 cm (14.4 x 17.3 in.), 300 pp.

XXL







Moonlight. A dress and coat made of one continuous piece of fabric in random pleats. 100% polyester. Created in 1989 for the Spring-Summer 1990 Collection.

“In my daily work I try to make things that are completely new and different, which in turn inform our new realities. My work’s touchstone phrases are: Making Think, Making Things and Making Reality.” —Issey Miyake

Lyrical life-wear

The ultimate Issey Miyake monograph


"I believe that clothing design is
a tool that not only excites its wearers
but can also improve the society in
which they dwell." —Issey Miyake

“The definitive survey of Issey Miyake’s work.” —*The Guardian*, London



1971

1990



In 1983, Issey Miyake told *The New Yorker* that he aspired “to forge ahead, to break the mold.” With the boundary-defying fashion lines that followed, he not only broke molds, but recast clothing altogether.

This TASCHEN Collector’s Edition, initiated and conceived by Midori Kitamura, offers an expert history of Issey Miyake design. Through clothes based on *A Piece of Cloth* concept, *Body Series* of the 1980s, *Miyake Pleats* series, and such practical, every-day designs as *Pleats Please* pieces, Kitamura draws on more than 40 years of collaborative work with Miyake to create an encyclopedic reference of his material and technical innovations.

Opposite: *Bamboo Pleats*. A hooded shirt and skirt, and a shirt and pants, pleated with bamboo-like sections. 100% polyester. Created in 1989 for the Autumn-Winter 1989 Collection. Photo by Yuriko Takagi. **Top:** *Handkerchief Dress*. 1970 design/ Spring-Summer 1971 Collection. Photo by Kishin Shinoyama, model Yasuko Yamayoshi. **Above:** *Issey Miyake Pleats Please exhibition*. Body Pleats. Autumn-Winter 1990 Collection. Photo by Fujitsuka Mitsumasa.

The monograph bears witness not only to Miyake's ongoing exploration of the relationship between a piece of cloth and the body, but also to his singular blend of tradition, futurism, and function. In this spirit, the book is presented in an original MIYAKE-designed book bag and stamped with Miyake's own 'inkan'–a traditional Japanese seal equivalent to a signature and used in daily Japanese life for all official paperwork.

Photographs from Miyake's contemporary Yuriko Takagi capture his clothes in their particular quotidien originality, including a breathtaking shoot in Iceland. In her far-reaching essay, meanwhile, leading cultural figure Kazuko Koike offers both a complete career chronology and a personal profile of Miyake to explore the ambition and inspirations that have driven his visionary work.



1998

"Stunning photographs by Yuriko Takagi of Miyake's groundbreaking designs—including his handkerchief dress and origami pleats—shot among sublime natural landscapes."

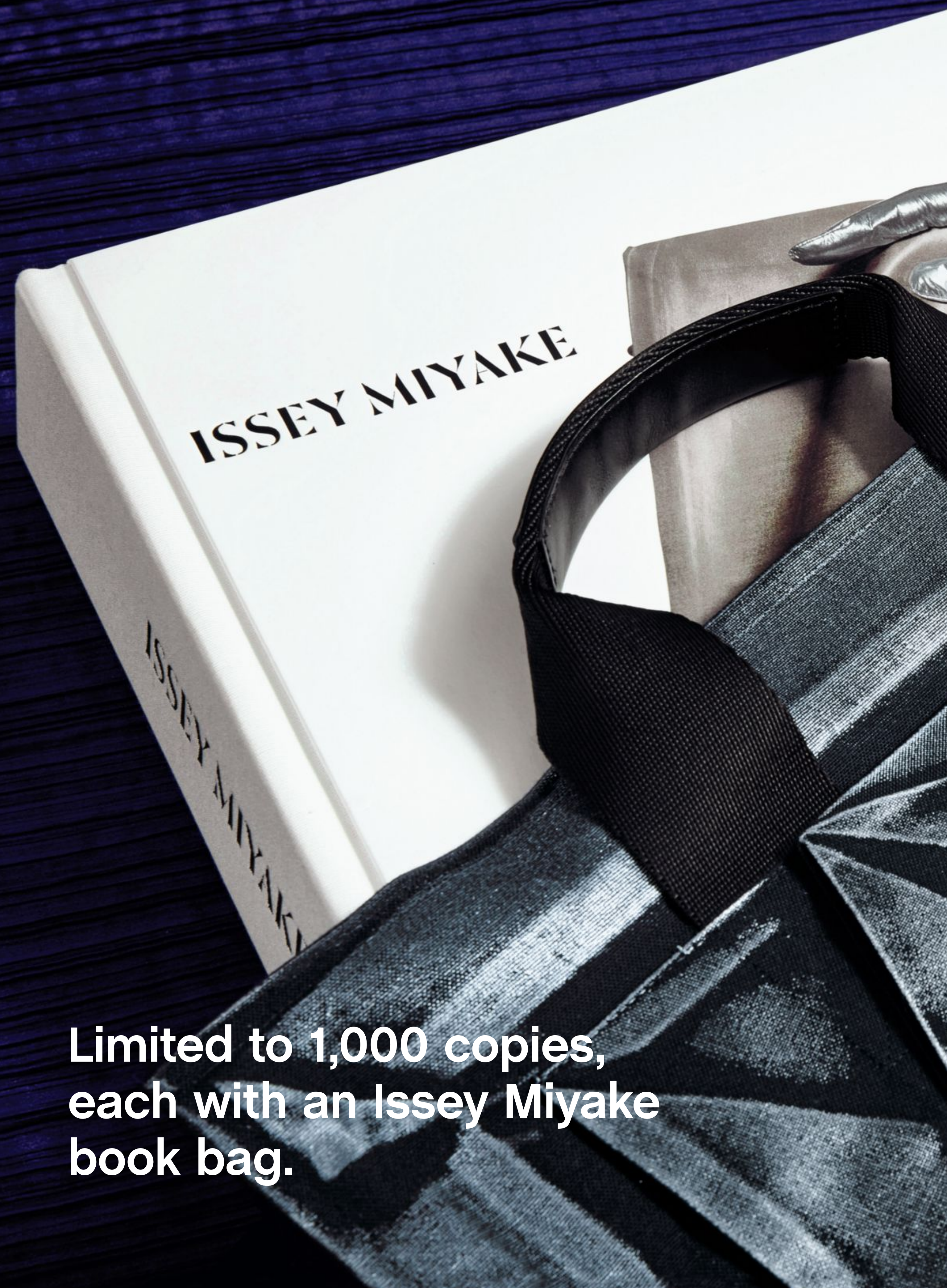
—*T: The New York Times Style Magazine*

1970



Above: *Issey Miyake Making Things* poster. Autumn-Winter 1998 Collection. Photo by Irving Penn, layout and typography by Ikko Tanaka.
Right: *Constructible Clothes.* A jumpsuit made from a stretchy jersey fabric, and a round cape divided into four parts and held in place with dot buttons. Designed and presented in 1970 Photo by Kishin Shinoyama, model Yuri Hodaka.
Opposite: *Starburst.* A flannel tunic with a hood, randomly heat-pressed with gold-colored foil. Gloves are also heat-pressed using square sheets of gold-colored foil. 100% cotton. Created in 1998 for the Autumn-Winter 1998 Collection. Created in 1999 for the Autumn-Winter 1999 Collection. Photo by Yuriko Takagi.




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Teeth encounter

With a seven-bulb 1200-watt strobe lighting rig and an irrepressible passion for the ocean predator, celebrity photographer Michael Muller dives to ocean depths around the world to bring the Hollywood portrait session to sharks.

Great white, Guadalupe Island, October 2007. "Ever since I was a kid and saw the film *Jaws*, a seed was planted that became an obsession over the years. Growing up surfing in Northern California waves that are populated with great white sharks heightened not only my fear but my childlike curiosity with this animal."

One of a selection of prints available for purchase in the Sharks exhibition at TASCHEN Gallery. Check taschen.com/gallery for more details.





“Muller has been on a mission to help conserve these much-feared and misunderstood ocean dwellers.”

—*CBS News*, New York



Oceanic whitetip, Cat Island, March 2014. "When you see a shark swimming along they can look quite peaceful and not very threatening, but the second they open those powerful jaws that same shark transforms from Jekyll to Hyde. It becomes a completely different animal."

OCEAN EXPLORERS

Philippe Cousteau Jr. joins Michael Muller to photograph one of the most feared yet threatened species on earth.

What struck me most about coming face to face with a great white shark was not its gaping jaws or hundreds of teeth lined up in neat rows. It wasn't its 17-foot frame or how effortlessly the animal slipped through the water. No, more than anything else, I remember its eyes. From afar, the eyes of a great white shark look like black holes, as mindless and ruthless as a nightmare conjured up by a Hollywood studio. But, far from the hype of leaping sharks tearing flesh or the frightening images of a surfboard torn asunder by some marauding monster, up close, when you really get a chance to look, you see something else. The eyes have an unexpected depth, corneas ringed by a thin blue line, and as the shark swam past my cage, those eyes were fixed on me. In that moment, I didn't see blind fury or the savage hunger that we are so often led to believe are the only emotions that motivate sharks. In those eyes I saw curiosity. I would get the thrilling opportunity to stare down several great white sharks on an expedition in September 2012, thanks to Michael Muller. He had urged me countless times to visit the great whites off Guadalupe Island, a tiny place surrounded by sharp jagged cliffs a 20-hour boat ride from Mexico's west coast. It's one of the few places where great whites reliably congregate each year, so it didn't take much to convince me to go. Our expedition would take five days, and I can't remember one minute when Michael wasn't either in the water taking pictures or up on deck tinkering with his equipment. His enthusiasm and passion were totally infectious.

Perhaps what struck me more than anything else was the fact that Michael, a very successful Hollywood photographer, would dedicate so much time and money to the conservation of sharks.

Having grown up with underwater photographers, and knowing so many of the most famous names in the business, I knew that Michael's pictures were different. He has taken the skills he honed in Hollywood and

Below: Great white, Guadalupe Island, October 2007. "Photography is all about lighting. Considering the complexities of electricity, the challenge of our subjects, the depths of water we had to dive in, never mind the fundamental dangers of scuba diving, it's hard to fathom how we navigated the myriad dangers our missions entailed."
Opposite: Great white, Guadalupe Island, October 2009. "This was only my second dive with great whites, but my strobe lights were already changing everything, allowing me to make portraits like I envisioned if I'd been able to bring one of these sharks right into my studio."





“Michael has taken the skills he honed in Hollywood and applied them to nature photography, and in the process come up with a completely fresh perspective.”

—Philippe Cousteau Jr.



School of scalloped hammerheads, Galápagos Islands, October 2008. “I’ve always thought hammerheads are some of the coolest looking of the species. They are very evasive of humans; bubbles from a scuba tank will send them swimming away. The scalloped hammerheads usually swim in large schools.”

"Michael's singular focus is to celebrate sharks by capturing their poetic motion and unique majesty in a way that inspires awe and wonder." —Philippe Cousteau Jr.



applied them to nature photography, and in the process come up with a completely fresh perspective. Most nature photographers work for wildlife magazines and books. They take beautiful photographs, but the photo's purpose is to show the animal in its natural environment and to "explain" something about the creature's biology and behavior. Looking through Michael's pictures, however, I am reminded of something my grandfather always said: "People only protect what they love."

My grandfather was a tremendous influence on me. His stories and adventures are the stuff of legend, and while people remember him as an ocean explorer, filmmaker, and global leader of the conservation movement, I think of him as a storyteller. He knew that one had to inspire the heart for the mind to listen. His films and books always sought to entertain and create a sense of wonder in his audience so that they might, hopefully, take action. Like my grandfather and so many great storytellers throughout history, Michael uses art to tell a story that is of vital importance to him. His images seize the imagination and don't let go, through them we see sharks through his eyes learning the truth about these magnificent creatures along the way. And, hopefully, become inspired to take action to protect them. Sharks are misunderstood, often maligned as villains, yet Michael's singular focus is to celebrate them by capturing their poetic motion and unique majesty in a way that inspires awe and wonder.

"From the continued persecution of sharks around the world to the slaughter of up to 100 million annually for shark fin soup, Michael knows that time is running out to save sharks."

As you marvel at the photographs contained within this book, just for a moment, consider a future without sharks, a world without these magnificent and important creatures roaming the oceans, without their stories and images exciting the next generations as they have excited ours, without the important work they do to keep our oceans healthy. Seeing sharks through Michael's eyes will enthrall you as much as it has me, and it is my fervent hope, and the mission of this book, that you will be inspired to gain a new understanding of sharks and join us in the fight to make sure that a world without sharks never comes to pass.



Above: Michael Muller, September 2009. Photo by William Bradford.
Opposite: Lemon sharks, Tiger Beach, November 2014. "For years the most common question I got was, 'Have you ever had a close call?' The answer was always 'no' until on one trip, Morne Hardenberg dropped a piece of fish then swam away as I photographed the mayhem. Within a few seconds I felt something hit my head. Without thinking I reached back and just hit whatever was there. When we got up to the boat, Morne informed me that a lemon shark was coming right at my head with its mouth open, but its nose hit me first, and my hit sent it fleeing."
Below: Great white, Guadalupe Island, August 2012. "Shark behaviorist Brocq Maxey uses his skills to interact with a feisty 15-foot male shark."





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"I couldn't bring the shark to the studio. So I had to bring the studio to the shark."

—Michael Muller

XXL

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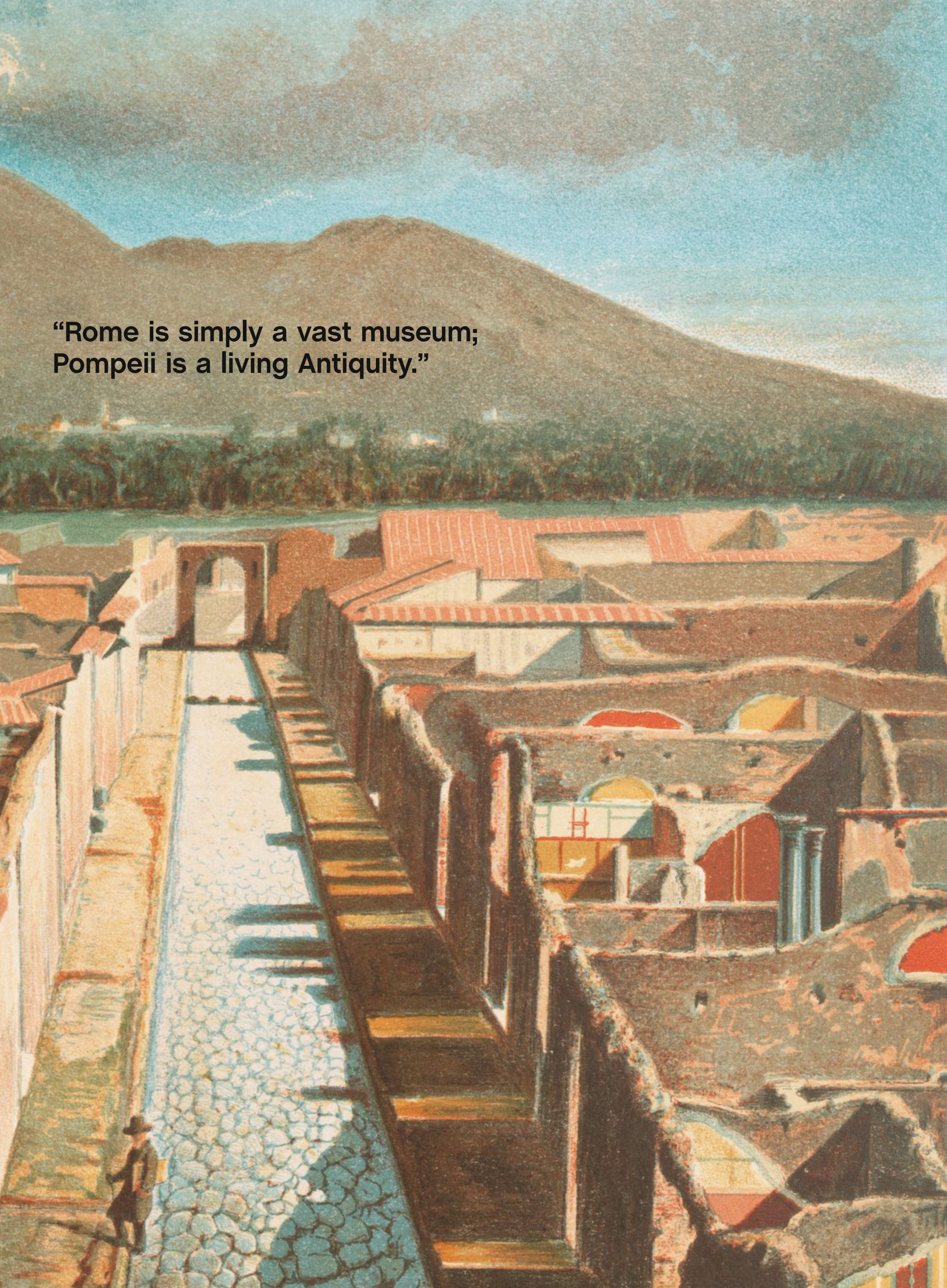
Opposite: Great hammerhead, Bimini Island, Bahamas, February 2015. "Anyone who has dived with hammerheads knows how skittish they are. They will avoid anything human, including simple bubbles from a diver's scuba tank. Since my first time seeing hammerheads in the Galápagos Islands in 2008, I became obsessed with photographing them. I finally got the chance nearly seven years later in one special spot where they congregate for a couple weeks out of the year."

Rising from the ashes

A meticulous record of the city that lay buried for more than 1,600 years.



The lower half of the view shows the southern part of the Via di Mercurio looking south, with the so-called Arch of Caligula at its end. The upper zone of the picture, however, faces north towards Vesuvius.


“Rome is simply a vast museum;
Pompeii is a living Antiquity.”



The Art of the Vesuvian Cities

By Valentin Kockel and Sebastian Schütze

In a letter to his friend, the Roman historian Tacitus, Pliny the Younger described the devastating Vesuvian eruption of 79 AD as "a catastrophe which destroyed the loveliest regions of the Earth." At the same time, he expressed his belief that this "remarkable natural occurrence" would ensure immortal fame for the cities which had been affected and the people who lived there.
In fact, it was only with the rediscovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii and the beginning of excavations, in 1738 and 1748 respectively, that the Vesuvian cities would emerge out of the ashes into the spotlight of Western

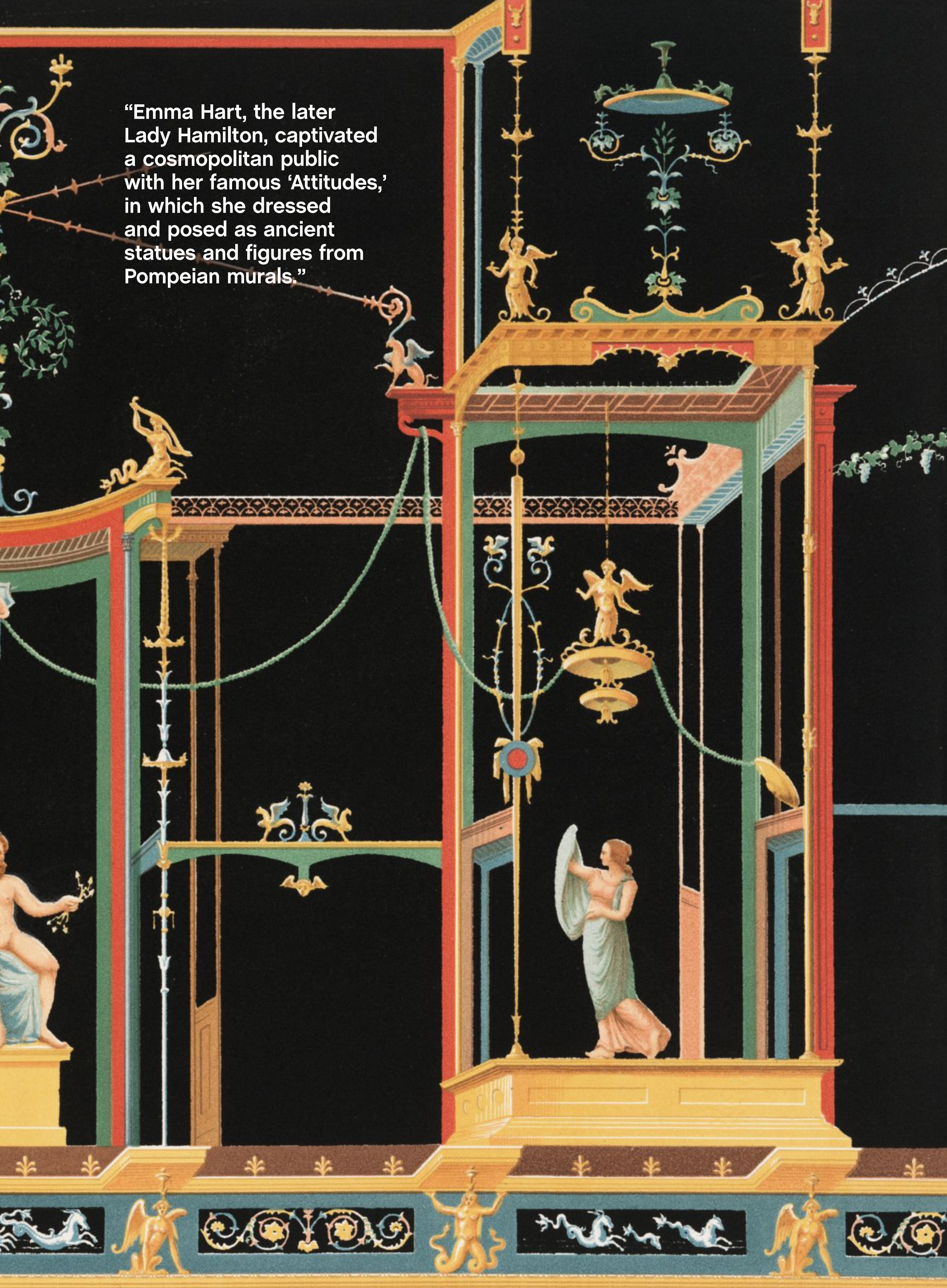
"This notion of a living Antiquity was also, for the Niccolini brothers, what made the 'modest Pompeii' a serious rival to Athens and Rome. It was a preserved social space—a unique testament to ancient civilization."

culture. As ever more sections of the ancient cities were uncovered, the scope of their significance and interpretation was also constantly expanded.
Initial excavations at the sites, instigated by Charles VII, King of Naples and Sicily, were primarily aimed at enriching the holdings of the royal museum and remained the preserve of a courtly elite. Numerous contemporary travel journals give a lively impression of the difficulties that faced even such famous visitors as Johann Joachim Winckelmann and Goethe when it came to obtaining access to the excavations and finds.
It was not until the 19th century that publications on the Vesuvian cities began to reach beyond restricted courtly circles and reveal the cities and their treasures to a wider, international public. The magnificent volumes of the *Case ed i monumenti di Pompei* (*Houses and Monuments of Pompeii*) by Fausto and Felice Niccolini can be understood as the sum of this development. With detailed descriptions and over 400 color lithographs, the publication conveyed a comprehensive impression of Pompeii to the reader: not only by way of the *vedute* and maps of the city, the views and ground plans of its public buildings



Opposite: From Lucera, 1786—with a Medusa head as its central motif. The mosaic was reused as flooring in a vase gallery in the Museo Borbonico in Naples.
Right: Head of a Persian man, detail from the *Alexander Mosaic* in the House of the Faun.
Overleaf: Casa della Parete nera, south wall of the exedra—upper zone of a wall painting in the 3rd style with seated Zeus, ca. 20–30 AD. Today destroyed.





“Emma Hart, the later Lady Hamilton, captivated a cosmopolitan public with her famous ‘Attitudes,’ in which she dressed and posed as ancient statues and figures from Pompeian murals.”

and private houses along with detailed plates compiling the artworks and practical utensils found there, but also through "animated" reconstructions of everyday life in Antiquity: shops, bars, workshops, public squares, temples, theaters, and baths. This notion of a living Antiquity was also, for the Niccolini brothers, what made the "modest Pompeii" a serious rival to Athens and Rome. It was a preserved social space—a unique testament to ancient civilization.

Integral to this social space were ancient room decorations of a previously unseen wealth and variety and in an excellent state of preservation, revealing remarkably vivid and bright colors. Alongside Rome, the Vesuvian cities became the most important stop on every educational tour and the style variously described as Pompeian, Etruscan or à la grecque conquered the whole of Europe. Royal palaces, the residences of the nobility, and soon, too, bourgeois homes were now fitted with a Pompeian Cabinet or a Pompeian Room complete with furnishings, utensils, and porcelain in the Pompeian style. These were modeled on ancient originals, although increasingly too upon their neoclassical interpretations and reinterpretations. Trendsetting examples of such decorative schemes included the interiors by Robert Adam at Osterley Park, and Karl Friedrich Schinkel in the Berlin Stadtschloss. In Italy, significant interiors in the Pompeian style were created in the Palazzo Altieri in Rome, the Palazzo Milzetti in Faenza, the Palazzo Baciocchi in Bologna, and the Villa Doria d'Angri and Palazzo di Capodimonte in Naples.

In 1839 Ludwig I of Bavaria commissioned his court architect Friedrich von Gärtner to build an idealized reconstruction of the Casa dei Dioscuri, which had been excavated just a few years earlier. As soon as 1842 the designs were finalized and construction work began on the Pompejanum, on a terrace above the River Main and surrounded by vineyards and Mediterranean gardens. The interior décor was likewise intended to satisfy the most exacting antiquarian demands: Johann Martin von Wagner, the king's most important artistic adviser, selected suitable originals in Naples, which were then copied by trusted painters.

Open to the public right from the start, the Pompejanum was conceived as a synthesis of the arts that would convey an authentic impression of the way in which people lived in Antiquity. Almost completely destroyed in World War II, the Pompejanum was subsequently rebuilt, but today we must look first and foremost to Gärtner's design drawings to appreciate the extraordinary quality of the original interiors.

"The style variously described as Pompeian, Etruscan or à la grecque conquered the whole of Europe."

Similarly ambitious was the Maison Pompéienne, a homage to Antiquity in the heart of Paris, built between 1854 and 1857 for Prince Prince Jérôme Napoléon, but later sold and demolished in 1866. Here too, the architecture, wall decorations, furniture and furnishings were modeled on Pompeian originals but whereas Ludwig I was motivated above all by his antiquarian interests and enthusiasm for Antiquity, the Maison Pompéienne carried stronger political connotations: it was conceived as a utopian alternative to modern times and as a programmatic statement of the restoration under Napoleon III (1808–1873).

Pompeian architecture and interiors remained in vogue even into the opening decades of the 20th century. The Getty Villa, completed in 1974 for J. Paul Getty in Los Angeles was designed by Stephen Garret on the model of the Villa dei Papiri in Herculaneum and today houses the Getty Museum's collection of antiquities.

Alongside the mounting volume of archaeological evidence, the idea that Herculaneum and Pompeii provided an "authentic" insight into daily life in Antiquity was a key determining factor in their reception. Equally major roles were played by "living" reconstructions of the past and the superimposition and interaction of ancient and modern. In the Palazzo Sessa, the Neapolitan residence of Sir William Hamilton, Emma Hart, the later Lady Hamilton, captivated a cosmopolitan public with her famous "Attitudes," in which she dressed and posed as ancient statues and figures from Pompeian murals.

Views of Pompeii were increasingly peopled not only with sketching artists, excavators, and tourists, but with imaginary ancient protagonists. This trend towards bringing Antiquity back to life and cementing it within a contemporary context developed in the second half of the 19th century into a distinct representational tradition. In 1813–14, Ingres had visited Naples and the Vesuvian cities during his student years and continued to reference the Pompeian murals even as late as his 1856 Portrait of Madame Moitessier, whose pose is derived from the allegorical figure of Arcadia found in the mural of Hercules and Telephus in the Basilica in Herculaneum.

For Jean-Léon Gérôme and Théodore Chassériau, Pompeii provided a framework for the erotic fantasies of the 19th century. Gérôme's Greek Interior, for example, deployed the atrium of a Pompeian house, furnished with the archeologically accurate representation of a bronze tripod with satyrs from the Villa of Julia Felix, as the legitimation for a brothel scene with voluptuous female nudes. The work was exhibited



Left: Architectural model of Pompeii—detail showing the theatre district, seen from the south.
Opposite: Reconstruction of the atrium in the Casa del Poeta tragico—there is no archaeological evidence for the roof construction, the painting of the upper wall zone or the wooden walkway for the upper story.



“Pompeii provided a framework for the erotic fantasies of the 19th century.”

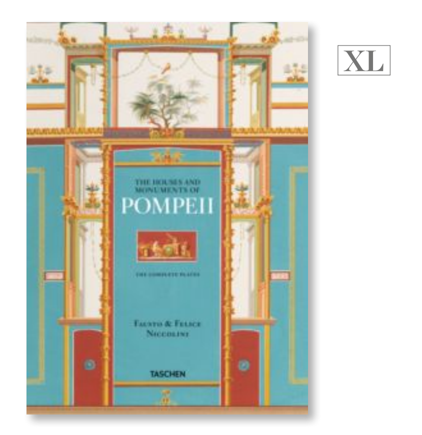


at the Salon of 1850–51 and immediately purchased by Jérôme Napoléon, the future builder of the Maison Pompéienne.

By the 1920s and 1930s, after the move to abstraction and an increasingly rapid succession of isms replacing one, as well as the traumatic experiences of World War I, modernism in many places entered a phase of classicist self-reflection. A return to order, the "*ritorno all'ordine*," was the new catchphrase and the search for new mythologies and "grand" form led artists to turn their attention once more to Antiquity. *The Pan Pipes*, painted in 1923 by Pablo Picasso programmatically embodies this Arcadian current. At more or less the same time, Giorgio de Chirico was painting worlds inspired by the perspectivism of Friedrich Nietzsche as much as by wall paintings from the Vesuvian cities. Pliny, then, believed correctly. From elaborate neoclassical residences to 20th century metaphysical paintings, architects and artists have time and again turned to Pompeii and Herculaneum as a source and inspiration. Once discovered, the Vesuvian cities not only provided a uniquely "living Antiquity," but also lived, and live on, in appropriations and reinterpretations across Western visual culture.

"The Vesuvian cities not only provided a uniquely 'living Antiquity,' but also live on in reinterpretations across Western visual culture."

Opposite: Frigidarium—wall decoration on the east side: Silenus reclining in a garden, propped against a wineskin.
Below: Collection of decorative and utility items variously made of marble, bronze, and terra-cotta.

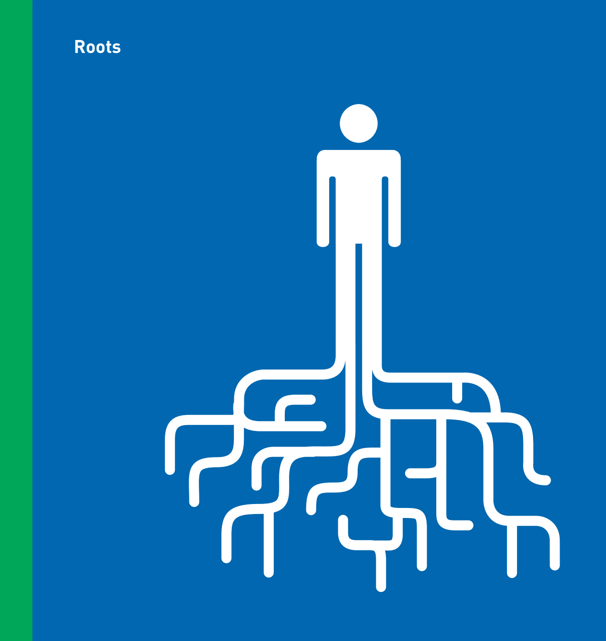


XL

Fausto & Felice Niccolini. The Houses and Monuments of Pompeii
Valentin Kockel, Sebastian Schütze
Hardcover, 28.2 x 39.5 cm (11.1 x 15.6 in.), 652 pp.
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135

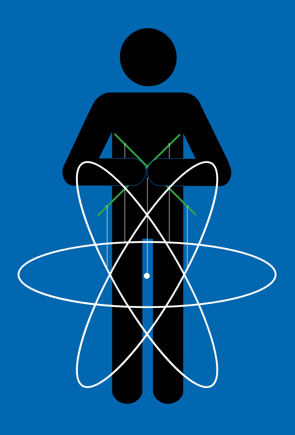
A pictogram journey through now and then

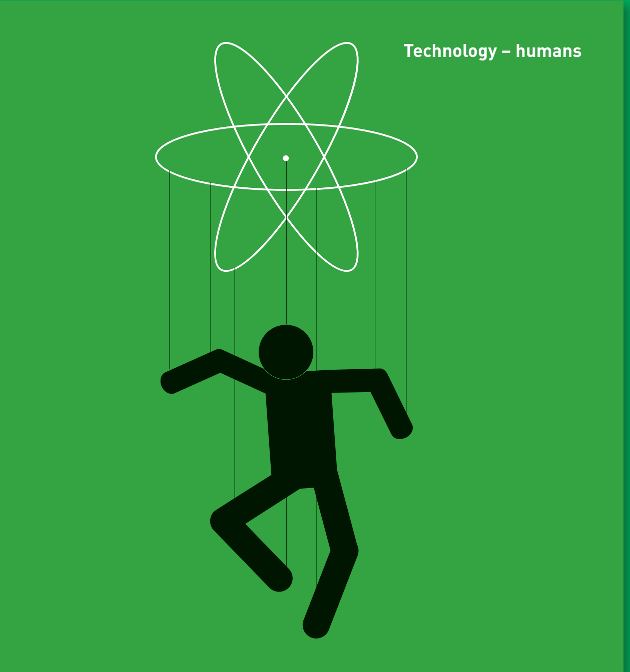
Yang Liu brings the way we were face to face with the way we are.











“For a generation that increasingly uses emoticons that say much more than words, these books could be the future.”

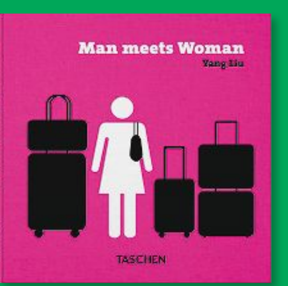
—*Show Daily*, New Delhi

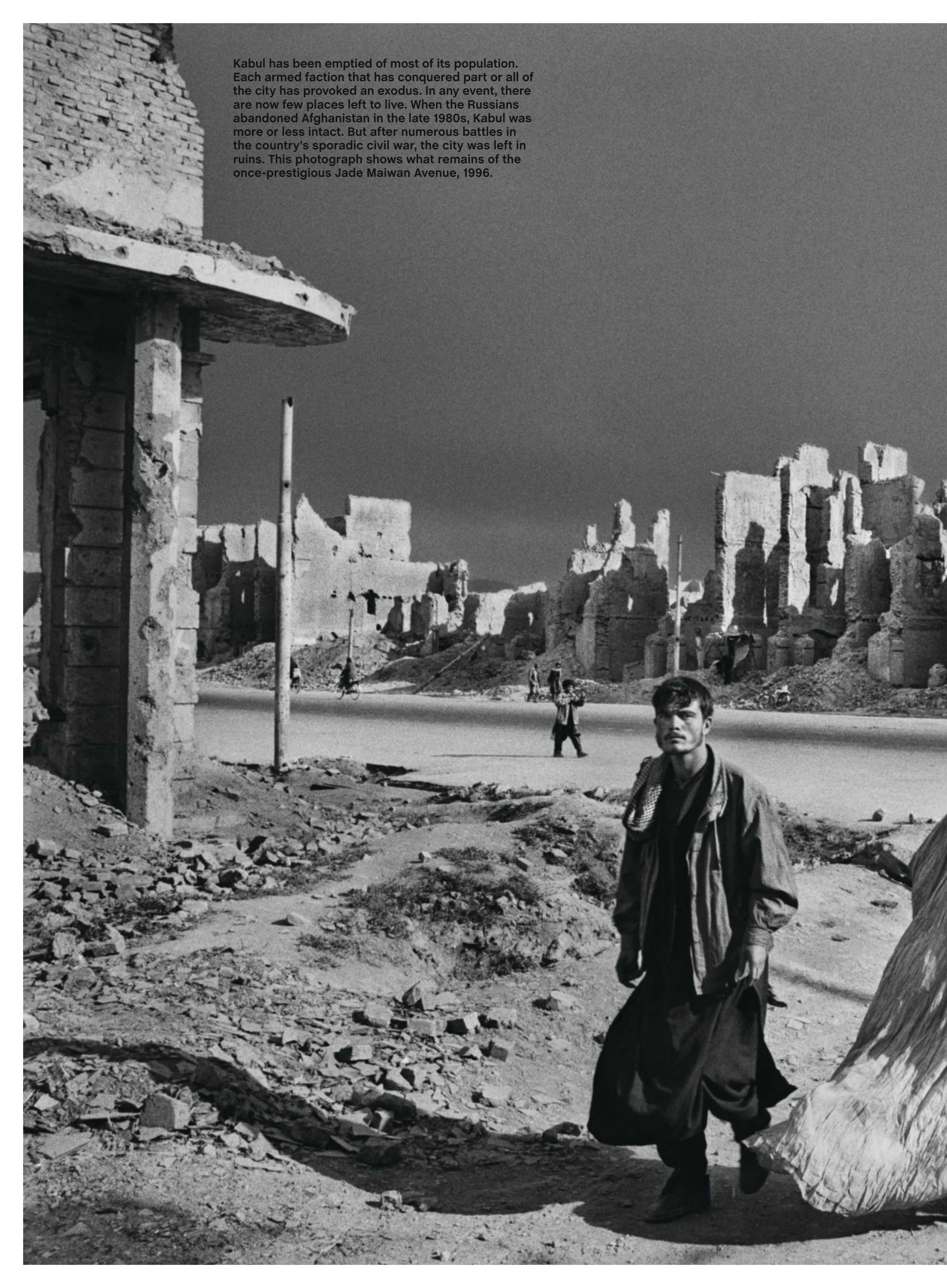
Yang Liu. Today meets Yesterday
Hardcover, clothbound,
13 x 13 cm (5.1 x 5.1 in.) 160 pp.
$ 15 / € 12 / £ 10

Also available by Yang Liu









Kabul has been emptied of most of its population. Each armed faction that has conquered part or all of the city has provoked an exodus. In any event, there are now few places left to live. When the Russians abandoned Afghanistan in the late 1980s, Kabul was more or less intact. But after numerous battles in the country's sporadic civil war, the city was left in ruins. This photograph shows what remains of the once-prestigious Jade Maiwan Avenue, 1996.

On the run

New editions of Sebastião Salgado's two-part refugee and migrant series, *Exodus* and *Children.*





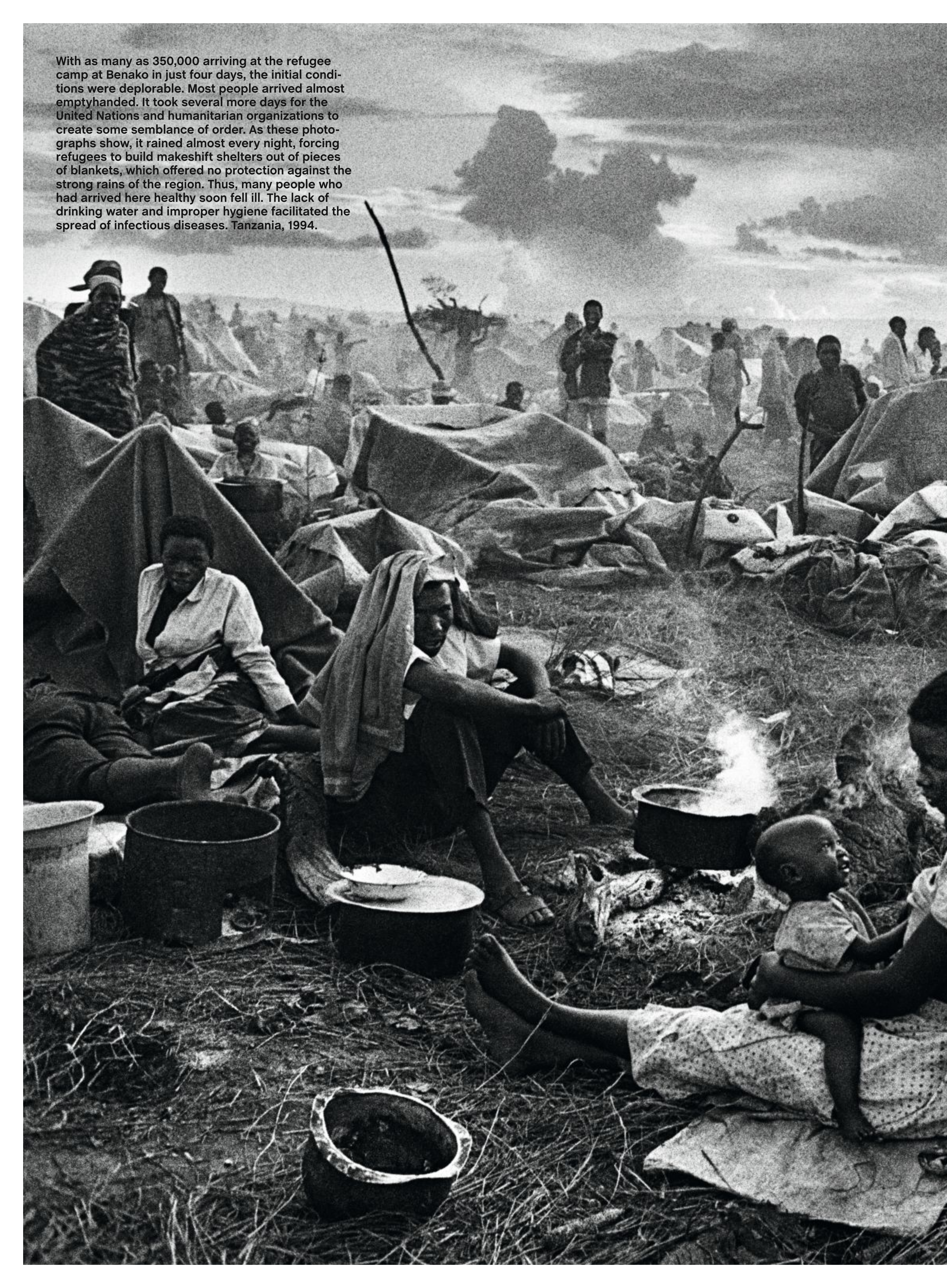
“At that horrific time, I photographed it with all my heart. I thought the whole world needed to know. This is our world, we have to assume responsibility for it.”

—Sebastião Salgado

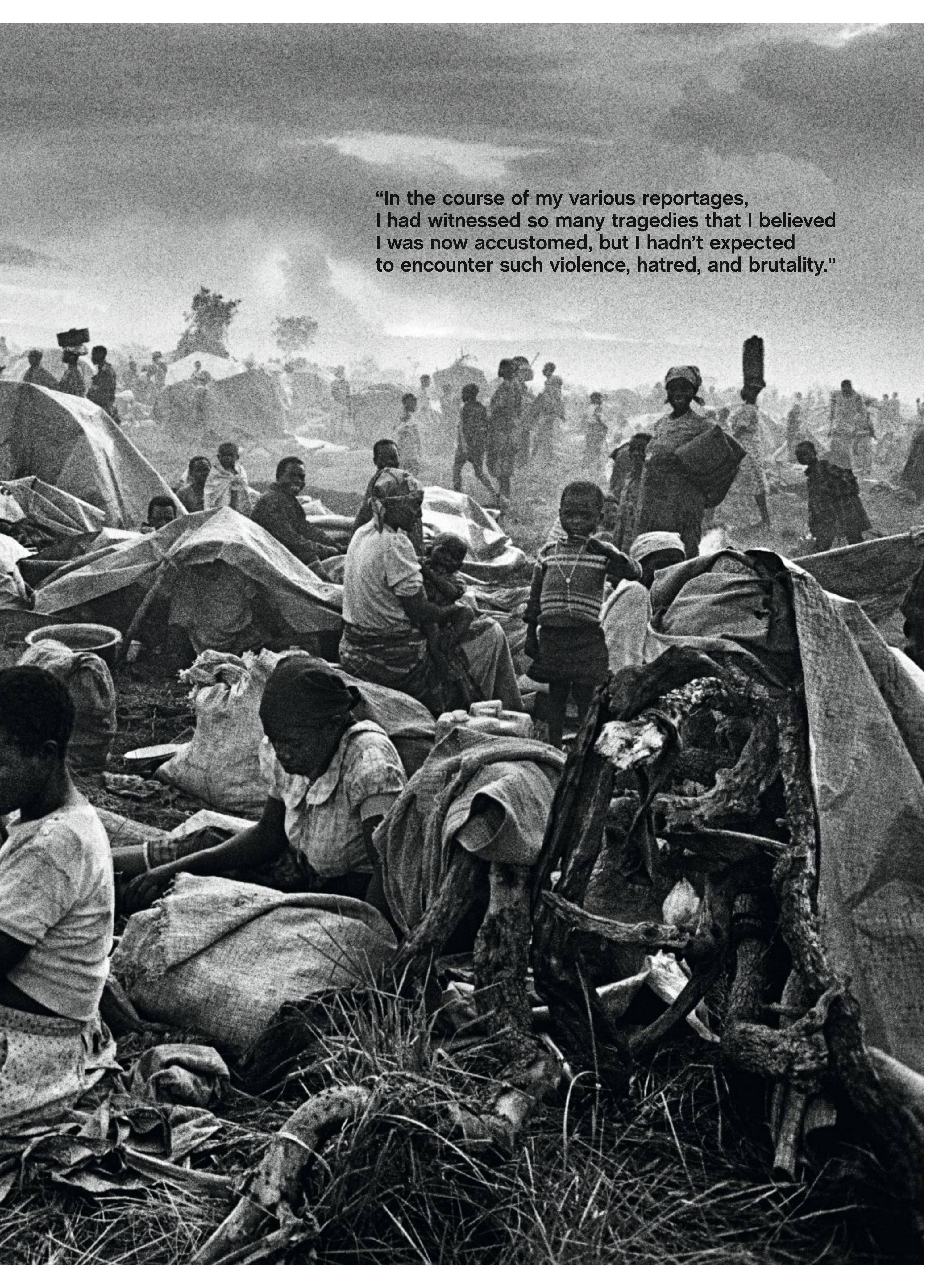


Above: A small boat, or *patera*, with 27 migrant Moroccans on board, is detected a few miles from the Spanish coast by a Spanish helicopter equipped with an infrared night vision device. The men are arrested minutes later by a customs service patrol boat, but they are lucky: their boat’s engine had failed and they would have drifted into the Atlantic Ocean. Strait of Gibraltar, 1997.
Left: The hospital in the camp at Katale is one of the largest hospitals of the Goma region and, almost single-handedly, it looks after a population of 250,000 refugees. Working conditions are difficult because the camp is far from the humanitarian supply center at Goma (28 miles, 47 km away) and is built on volcanic lava. Since it is almost impossible to bury the dead in this ground, the bodies are placed in cracks in the lava. Depending on the direction of the wind, the smell in the overcrowded hospital can be unbearable. Zaire, 1994.
Opposite: Food distribution in Kabul run by a French humanitarian organization, Action contre la Faim (Action Against Hunger). A few days after the Taliban seized Kabul, women were forbidden to show their faces or to have any activity outside their homes except collecting food and medicine at distribution centers, 1996.

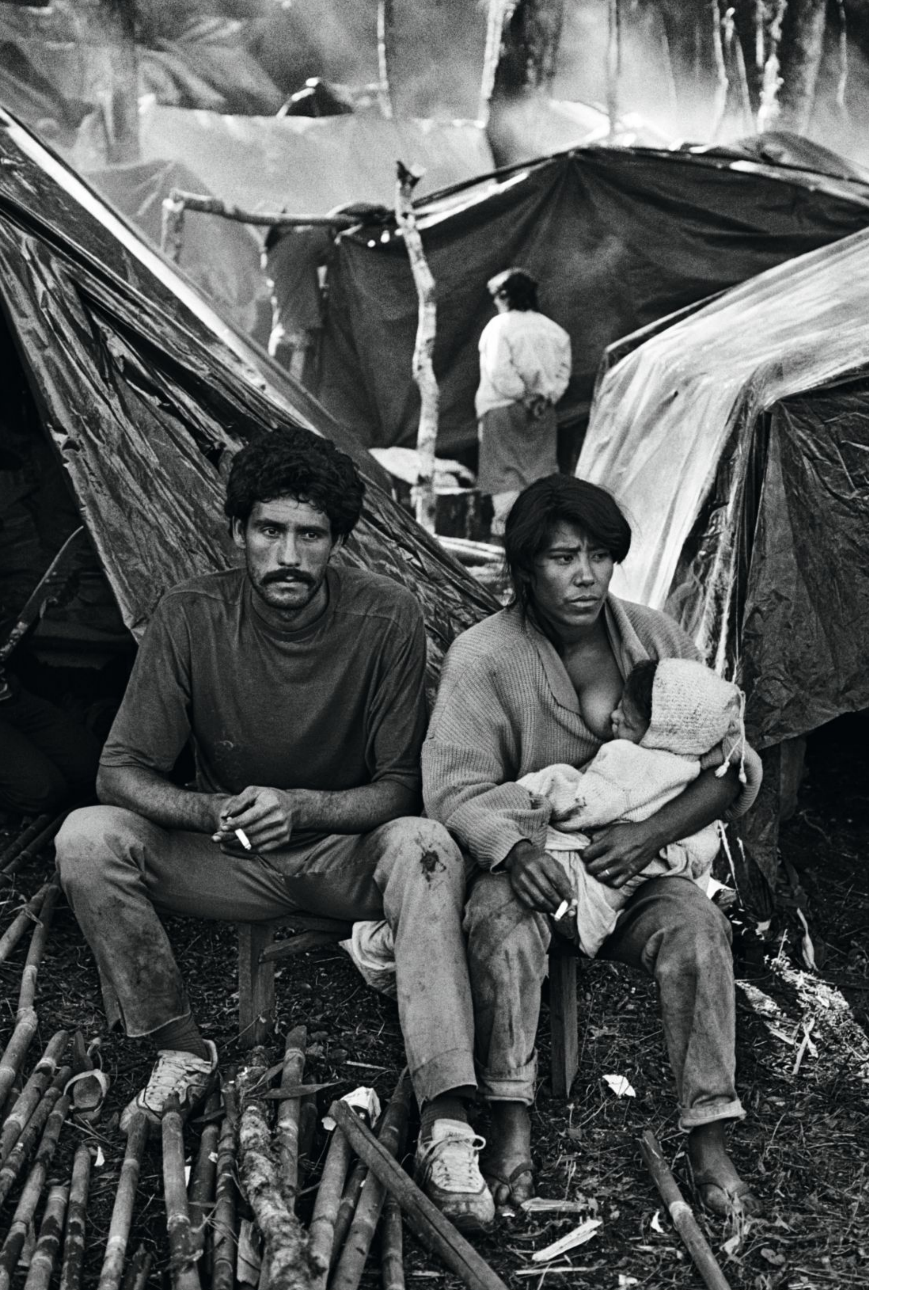




With as many as 350,000 arriving at the refugee camp at Benako in just four days, the initial conditions were deplorable. Most people arrived almost emptyhanded. It took several more days for the United Nations and humanitarian organizations to create some semblance of order. As these photographs show, it rained almost every night, forcing refugees to build makeshift shelters out of pieces of blankets, which offered no protection against the strong rains of the region. Thus, many people who had arrived here healthy soon fell ill. The lack of drinking water and improper hygiene facilitated the spread of infectious diseases. Tanzania, 1994.



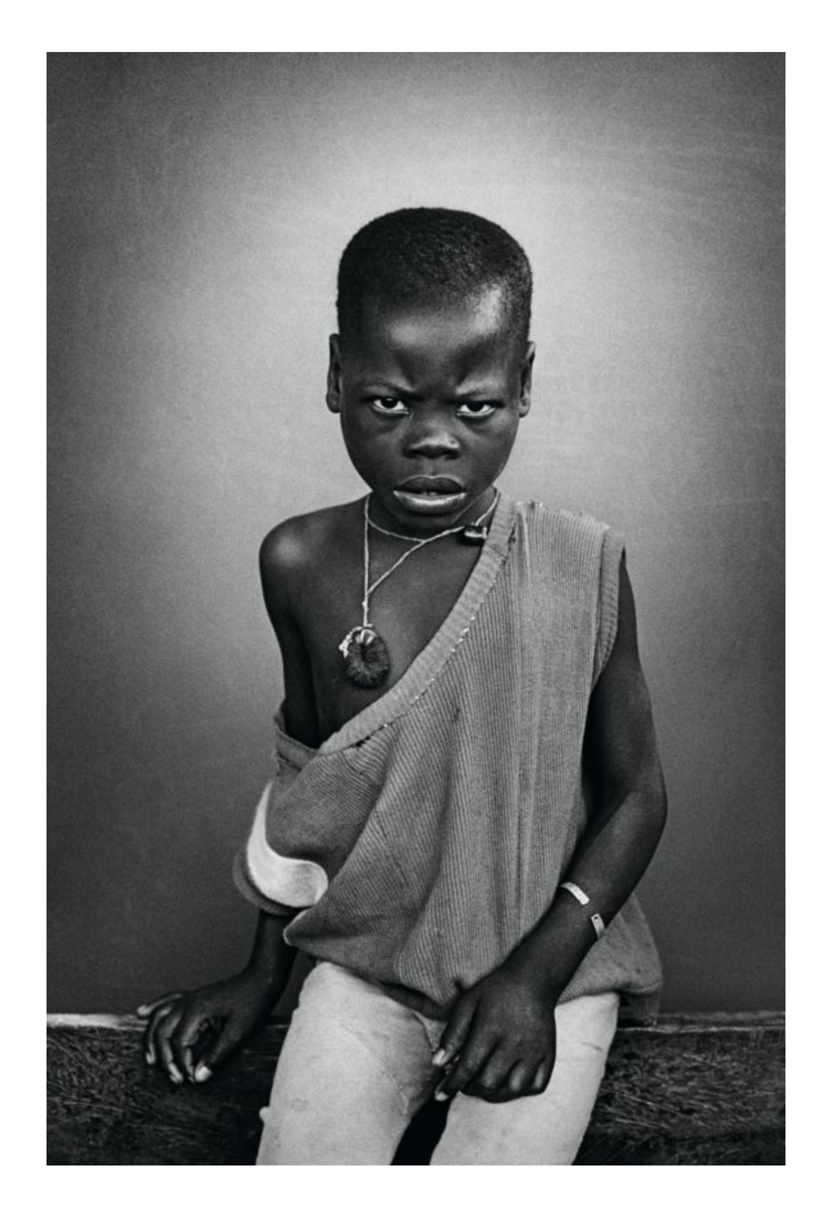
"In the course of my various reportages,
I had witnessed so many tragedies that I believed
I was now accustomed, but I hadn't expected
to encounter such violence, hatred, and brutality."



"In every crisis situation, children are the greatest victims. Physically weak, they are often the first to succumb to hunger, disease, and dehydration. Innocent to the workings and failings of the world, they are unable to understand why there is danger, why there are people who want to hurt them, or why they must leave, perhaps quite suddenly, and abandon their schools, their friends, and their home."

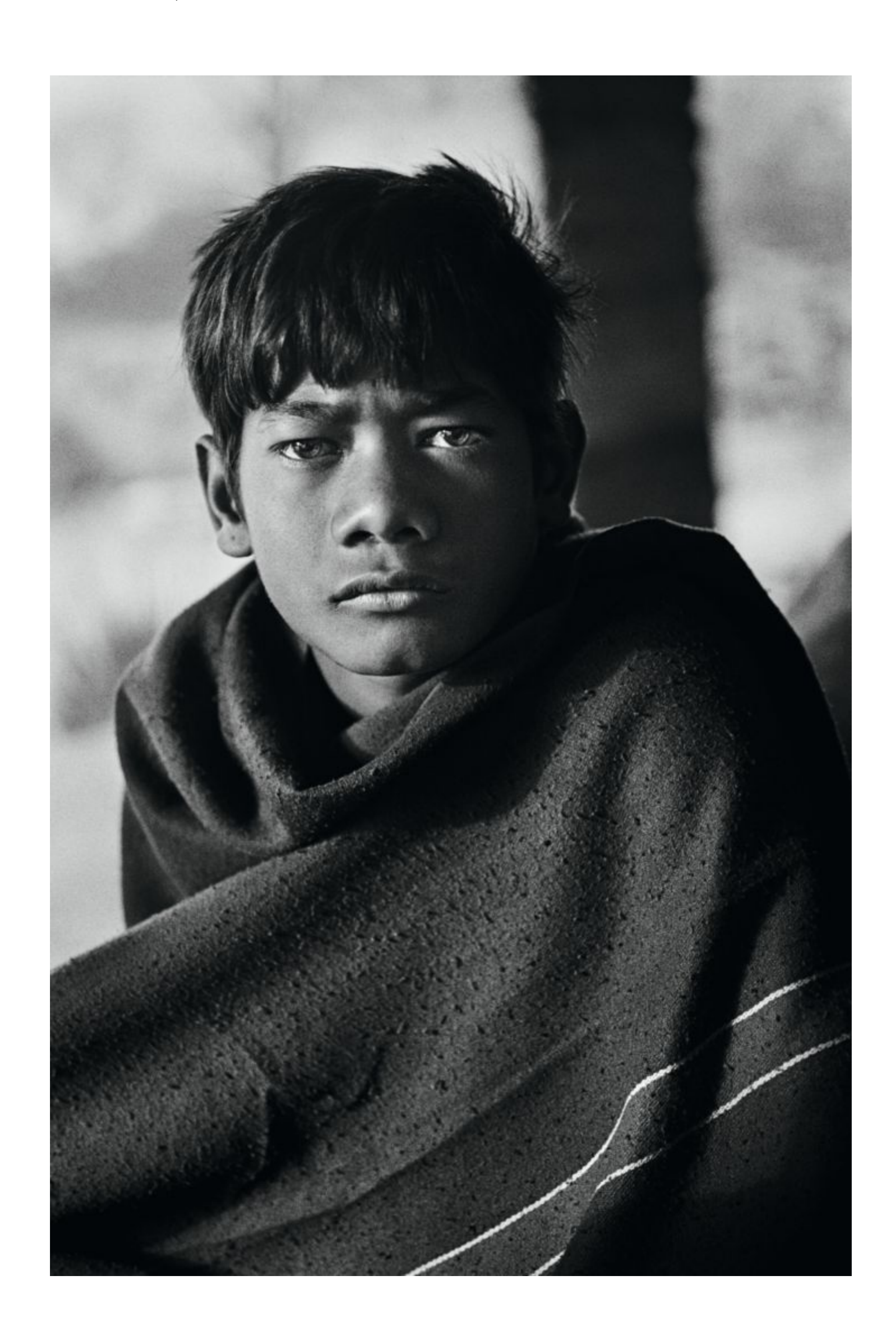


"It is almost a generation since this book was first published, yet in so many ways the world it portrays has changed little since poverty, natural disasters, violence, and war continue to force millions of people to abandon their homes each year."



Opposite: Landless peasants, Giacometti plantation, State of Paraná, Brazil. 1996.
Above: A settlement of landless peasants at Rosa do Prado. Itamaraju, Bahia, Brazil, 1996.
Bottom: Displaced children who have lost their families. Mopeia, Zambeze, Mozambique, 1994.

“Salgado’s photographs do not call for action so much as for a change in consciousness.”
—The New York Times



Above: A center for orphans from the tribes of southern Bihar. India, 1997.
Opposite: In a settlement of landless peasants. Rio Bonito do Iguaçu, Paraná, Brazil, 1996.



Survival instinct

Sebastião Salgado on the global forces that continue to drive people from their homes.

It is almost a generation since this book was first published, yet in so many ways the world it portrays has changed little since poverty, natural disasters, violence, and war continue to force millions of people to abandon their homes each year. In some cases, they get no further than refugee camps that quickly swell into small cities; in others, they gamble their savings and even their lives on the dream of reaching some mythical Promised Land. Today's migrants and refugees may be the product of fresh crises, but the despair and the glimmers of hope written on their faces are little different from those recorded in these pages.

> "The focus of attention may have shifted, but the phenomenon remains the same."

For one region of the world, however, change has come with dramatic speed and unpredictable consequences. In the 1990s, China and India were already experiencing massive peasant migration to their cities, while the United States had long been a magnet for Mexicans and other Latin Americans. But Europe was totally unprepared for the immense wave of migrants and refugees from the Middle East who swept into the region in 2015. Overnight, the human tragedies in far-off lands that Europeans could safely overlook now reached their streets and the waters that lap their shores.

As always, the catalysts that set in motion sudden movements of peoples are to be found far from the cities and countries where migrants eventually seek solace. In this case, the American-led invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq sparked the initial radicalization of Muslim populations in a dozen lands. This was followed by the sadly misnamed Arab Spring that offered the false promise of hope to countries long under dictatorial rule. And when these revolutions failed everywhere except Tunisia, many Muslims looked to Europe as their safe haven of choice. Immigration as such was not a novelty for Europe. From the 1950s through the 1970s, Europe welcomed cheap labor—for Britain and France, from their former colonies; for Germany, from Turkey, and the former Yugoslavia. Then, from the 1980s, as doors gradually closed to non-Western foreigners, illegal migration increased, spawning the Mediterranean's first "boat people" of Arabs and sub-Saharan Africans trying to reach Spain and Italy.

But the war in Syria created a refugee crisis on an entirely new scale, with civilians the inevitable victims of a multifaceted power struggle involving Western-backed rebels, Kurdish separatists, the Islamic State and the besieged Assad dictatorship. At first, the problem seemed to be largely "contained" as millions of fleeing Syrians filled refugee camps in Jordan, Lebanon, and Turkey. But as conditions in these camps deteriorated, the idea of moving on caught on. And from spring 2015, the flow of refugees heading for Europe turned into a flood, with daily boatloads of families crossing from Turkey to Greek islands, and a growing number of people drowning as rough seas overturned overcrowded dinghies.

For months, Europeans were confronted with the grim spectacle of hundreds of thousands of migrants trudging through fields, blocked for days at national borders and begging for help. And among them were not only young men, but elderly couples, women, children and even babies in prams, their hopes kept alive by Germany's promise to receive them. But while Germany and Sweden alone took in close to one million migrants, much of Europe turned its back on them, fearing a xenophobic backlash from right-wing groups which even in Germany and Sweden soon began harassing refugees.

One complication was that, among the fleeing Syrians, there were also many people from Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Eritrea, and other near-failed states who jumped at this once-in-a-lifetime chance to find work in Europe. And aggravating the situation, the European Union proved incapable of either persuading its members to share the burden of taking in Syrians or of setting up an orderly system for distinguishing genuine refugees from economic migrants. The bottom line is that Europe has become increasingly unwilling to receive those fleeing war and oppression.

The mood in other developed countries is not more welcoming. Far fewer Mexicans are entering the United States than in the past, but they have been replaced by Guatemalans, Salvadorans, and Hondurans trying to escape drug-fueled gang warfare at home. Americans were shocked to discover that large numbers of Honduran children were crossing Mexico on their own to try to enter the United States. But Washington's response has been to press Mexico to tighten its borders with Central America so that, in a sense, the new American frontier now lies two thousand miles to the south.

Since the publication of this book, then, the focus of global attention may have shifted, but the phenomenon remains the same. What is often forgotten is that most people migrate for no other reason than sheer necessity. To move to a distant city or a foreign country involves great risks—of deprivation, loneliness, even hostile populations. But while rural poverty persists, dictatorships repress their societies and civil wars rage, the instinct for survival will continue to drive people from their homes in search of safety and a better life. This book tells their story.

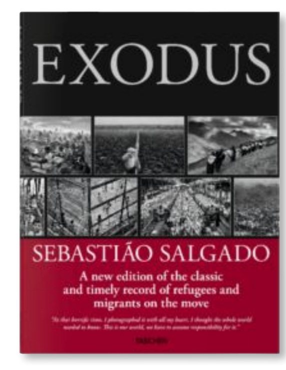
Paris, March 2016

Opposite: Displaced Kurdish families living inside the former prison of Nizarke Fort. Dohuk, Iraqi Kurdistan, 1997.



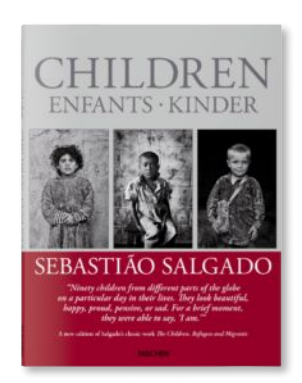


One of the consequences of sudden migration to a large city is the disintegration of families. Such is the struggle for survival that families frequently break up in this everyman-for-himself environment where begging, prostitution, and theft become the norm for many youths. Desperate parents abandon their children or entrust them to government-run institutions like the Foundation for Child Welfare (FEBEM). This photograph shows abandoned babies playing on the roof of a FEBEM center in the Pacaembu district of São Paulo against a backdrop of middle-class apartment buildings. Some 430 children live here, 35 percent of whom were found abandoned on city streets; the others were delivered at the center by parents no longer able to care for them, 1996.



Sebastião Salgado. Exodus
Edited by Lélia Wanick Salgado
Hardcover with booklet,
24.8 x 33 (9.8 x 13 in.), 432 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99

Over six years and 35 countries, Sebastião Salgado documents the story of human migration. On the road, in sprawling refugee camps, and in overcrowded city slums, the award-winning photographer captures the mass flux of humans, from the Hutu population of Rwanda hiding out in remote jungles, to the chokeholds of São Paolo shantytowns and the first boatloads of Arabs and sub-Saharan Africans trying to reach Europe across the Mediterranean sea. Fraught with the scale of the migrant crisis as much as with the heart-stopping moments of the individual exile story, *Exodus* is above all a rallying cry for action beyond compassion.



Sebastião Salgado. Children
Edited by Lélia Wanick Salgado
Hardcover with booklet,
24.8 x 33 cm (9.8 x 13 in.), 124 pp.
$ 49.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99

“This book is dedicated to all the children who look at these photographs and are moved to think about the lives behind the faces. It merely shows ninety children from different parts of the globe on a particular day in their lives. They look beautiful, happy, proud, pensive, or sad. For a brief moment, they were able to say, ‘I am.’”

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Rare photographs by Julius Shulman.



Architect unknown, Allen Residence, 29 Palms, California, 1950.


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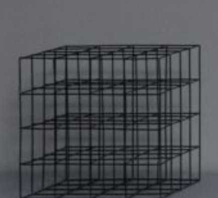








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A night at the Chemosphere house

Naomi Campbell's book launch celebrations in Hollywood.

Afterparty at the Chemosphere house, Hollywood Hills.
Opposite, from top left: Naomi Campbell and Demi Moore, Quincy Jones and Sean "P. Diddy" Combs, Naomi Campbell with Lenny Kravitz and Dave Chapelle.


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